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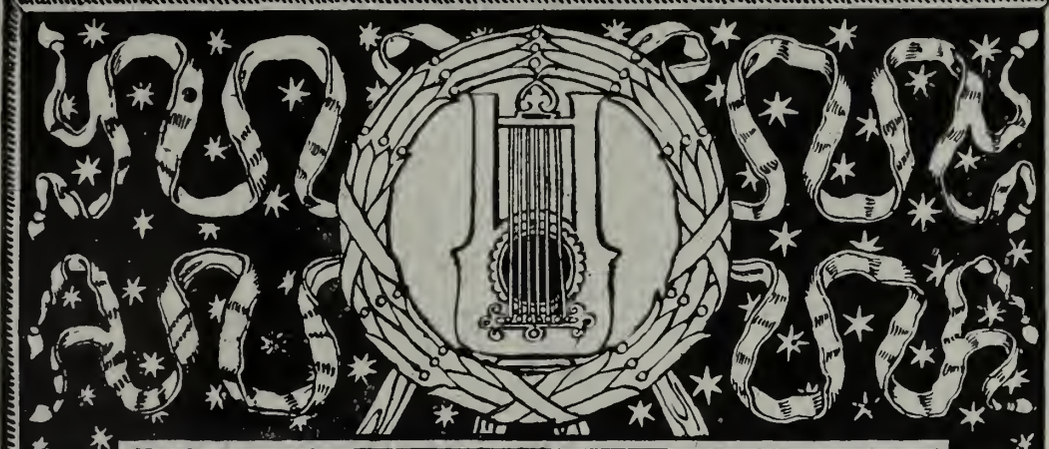

FOLK-SONGS OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY

CECIL J. SHARP.

BOOK V.

FOLK-SONGS FROM SUSSEX

COLLECTED BY

W. PERCY MERRICK.

LONDON
Novello & Co., Ltd.

Price 3/- net.

FOLK-SONGS OF ENGLAND

EDITED BY CECIL J. SHARP.

BOOK I.

FOLK-SONGS FROM DORSET

COLLECTED BY

H. E. D. HAMMOND.

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT BY

CECIL J. SHARP.

CONTENTS:

1. THE SHEEPSTEALER.
2. ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF HEREFORD.
3. THE JOLLY PLOUGHBOY.
4. AS I WALKED OUT ONE MAY MORNING.
5. THE SPRIG OF THYME.
6. HIGH GERMANY.
7. BETTY AND HER DUCKS.
8. POOR SALLY SITS A-WEEPING.
9. NANCY OF LONDON.
10. IT 'S OF A SAILOR BOLD.
11. THE CUCKOO.
12. THE RAMBLING COMBER.
13. FAIR SUSAN.
14. FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.
15. THE TURTLE-DOVE.
16. LADY MAISRY.

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BOOK II.

FOLK-SONGS FROM THE EASTERN COUNTIES

COLLECTED, AND SET WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT, BY

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.

CONTENTS:

SONGS FROM ESSEX.

1. BUSHES AND BRIARS.
2. TARRY TROWSERS.
3. A BOLD YOUNG FARMER.
4. THE LOST LADY FOUND.
5. AS I WALKED OUT.
6. THE LARK IN THE MORNING.

SONGS FROM NORFOLK.

7. ON BOARD A NINETY-EIGHT.
8. THE CAPTAIN'S APPRENTICE.
9. WARD, THE PIRATE.
10. THE SAUCY BOLD ROBBER.
11. THE BOLD *PRINCESS ROYAL*.
12. THE LINCOLNSHIRE FARMER.
13. THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE.

SONGS FROM CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

14. GEORDIE.
15. HARRY, THE TAILOR.

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FOLK-SONGS FROM HAMPSHIRE

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GEORGE B. GARDINER.

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT BY GUSTAV VON HOLST.

CONTENTS:

1. ABROAD AS I WAS WALKING.
2. LORD DUNWATERS.
3. THE IRISH GIRL.
4. YOUNG REILLY.
5. THE NEW-MOWN HAY.
6. THE WILLOW TREE.
7. BEAUTIFUL NANCY.
8. SING IVY.
9. JOHN BARLEYCORN.
10. BEDLAM CITY.
11. THE SCOLDING WIFE.
12. THE SQUIRE AND THE THRESHER.
13. THE HAPPY STRANGER.
14. YOUNG EDWIN IN THE LOWLAND LOW.
15. YONDER SITS A FAIR YOUNG DAMSEL.
16. OUR SHIP SHE LIES IN HARBOUR.

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CONTENTS:

1. BOLD NELSON'S PRAISE (Worcestershire).
2. MY BOY WILLIE (Worcestershire).
3. DRINK OLD ENGLAND DRY (Worcestershire).
4. LAWYER LEE (Warwickshire).
5. THE MARE AND THE FOAL (Warwickshire).
6. POOR OLD HORSE (Warwickshire).
7. THE LITTLE DUNCE (Oxfordshire).
8. THE DROWNED SAILOR (Oxfordshire).
9. MY BONNY BOY (Gloucestershire).
10. A WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE (Berkshire).
11. JACK, THE JOLLY TAR (Devonshire).
12. FALSE LAMKIN (Cambridgeshire).

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BOOK V.

FOLK-SONGS FROM SUSSEX

COLLECTED BY

W. PERCY MERRICK.

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT BY

R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS AND ALBERT ROBINS.

CONTENTS:

1. BOLD GENERAL WOLFE.
2. LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.
3. THE THRESHERMAN AND THE SQUIRE.
4. THE PRETTY PLOUGHBOY.
5. O WHO 'S THAT THAT RAPS AT THE WINDOW.
6. HOW COLD THE WIND DOTH BLOW (or The Unquiet
7. CAPTAIN GRANT. [Grave.
8. FAREWELL, LADS.
9. COME, ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIANS.
10. THE TURKISH LADY.
11. THE SEEDS OF LOVE.
12. THE MAID OF ISLINGTON.
13. HERE 'S ADIEU TO ALL JUDGES AND JURIES.
14. LOVELY JOAN.
15. THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

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V. 1

FOLK-SONGS
OF ENGLAND
EDITED BY
CECIL J. SHARP.
BOOK V.

FOLK-SONGS
from
SUSSEX
Collected by
W. Percy Merrick.
WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENTS BY
R. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
AND
ALBERT ROBINS, A.R.C.O.

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GENERAL PREFACE TO THE FOLK-SONG SERIES.

A LARGE number of traditional songs have recently been recovered in England. Moreover, we believe them to be veritable folk-songs, *i.e.*, songs which have been created or evolved by the common people. Taken in this sense, the folk-song must be definitely distinguished from the composition of the cultivated musician. It is the invention not of the individual, but of the community. Living only in the memories and on the lips of the singers, its existence has always been conditioned by its popularity, and by the accuracy with which it has reflected the ideals and taste of the common people. Consequently, the folk-song is stamped with the hall-mark of corporate approbation, and is the faithful expression in musical idiom of the qualities and characteristics of the nation to which it owes its origin.

In its folk-music every nation possesses a musical heritage of priceless worth, which for many reasons it should cherish and preserve. The educational uses to which the folk-song may advantageously be put are many and obvious. It should be remembered, too, that folk-music is the germ of art-music. Style in all the arts—music, literature, poetry, painting, or sculpture—ultimately becomes national; indeed, it would be difficult to cite a single instance of a distinctive school of music in Europe which has not been founded upon a basis of folk-song. In the recovery, therefore, and dissemination of our own country's folk-music, the solution of the problem of a characteristic and national school of English music may possibly be found.

In past centuries the collectors of English folk-songs were accustomed to edit and alter their folk-tunes before publishing them. In thus attempting to transmute folk-music into art-music they committed what most musicians would now agree was a fatal blunder. It is, therefore, scarcely necessary to state that the tunes contained in the present volume have not been editorially "improved" in any way, and that no melody will find a place in this series except in the precise form in which it was noted down by a competent musician from the lips of some folk-singer.

The words, which form an integral part of the folk-song, should, strictly speaking, be treated with the same respect and be presented as accurately as the melody. Unfortunately, this is not always practicable. Owing to various causes—*e.g.*, the dissemination among the country singers of corrupt and doggerel broadside-versions of their songs; lapses of memory on the part of the folk-singers themselves; the varying

lengths of the corresponding lines of different verses of the same song; and the somewhat free and unconventional treatment of the themes of many of the ballads—the words of folk-songs can now rarely be printed without some emendation.

If, however, English folk-song is to be made popular, the words must be published in a singable form. Our guiding principle has been, therefore, to alter those phrases only to which objection might reasonably be made. No vocalist would sing words that are pointless, or ungrammatical. Nor could he, even if he would, sing accurately in dialect. Happily, however, dialect is not an essential of the folk-song. Every folk-singer uses his own native language, and consequently the words of the folk-song will be sung in as many different dialects as the districts in which each individual song is found.

The words, therefore, of many of the songs in this collection have been altered. Gaps have been filled up, verses omitted or softened, rhymes reconciled, redundant syllables pruned, bad grammar and dialect translated into King's English. On the other hand, archaic words and expressions have, of course, been retained.

It should perhaps be stated that the publishers intend to include in the present series the folk-songs of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland, as well as those of England.

CECIL J. SHARP.

INTRODUCTION TO BOOK V.

The following folk-songs are taken from a collection made about ten years ago by Mr. W. Percy Merrick and printed in the third and fifth numbers of the Journal of the Folk-Song Society with notes by the Editing Committee, but without accompaniments. The whole collection was obtained from one singer, a farmer, who was born in Sussex and had learned all his songs there.

The pianoforte accompaniments to the first fourteen songs are by Mr. R. Vaughan Williams; that to No. 15 ("The Isle of France") is by Mr. Albert Robins, A.R.C.O.

The words of the songs in Mr. Merrick's collection were sometimes incomplete: in these cases the missing verses and lines have been supplied from other traditional sources.

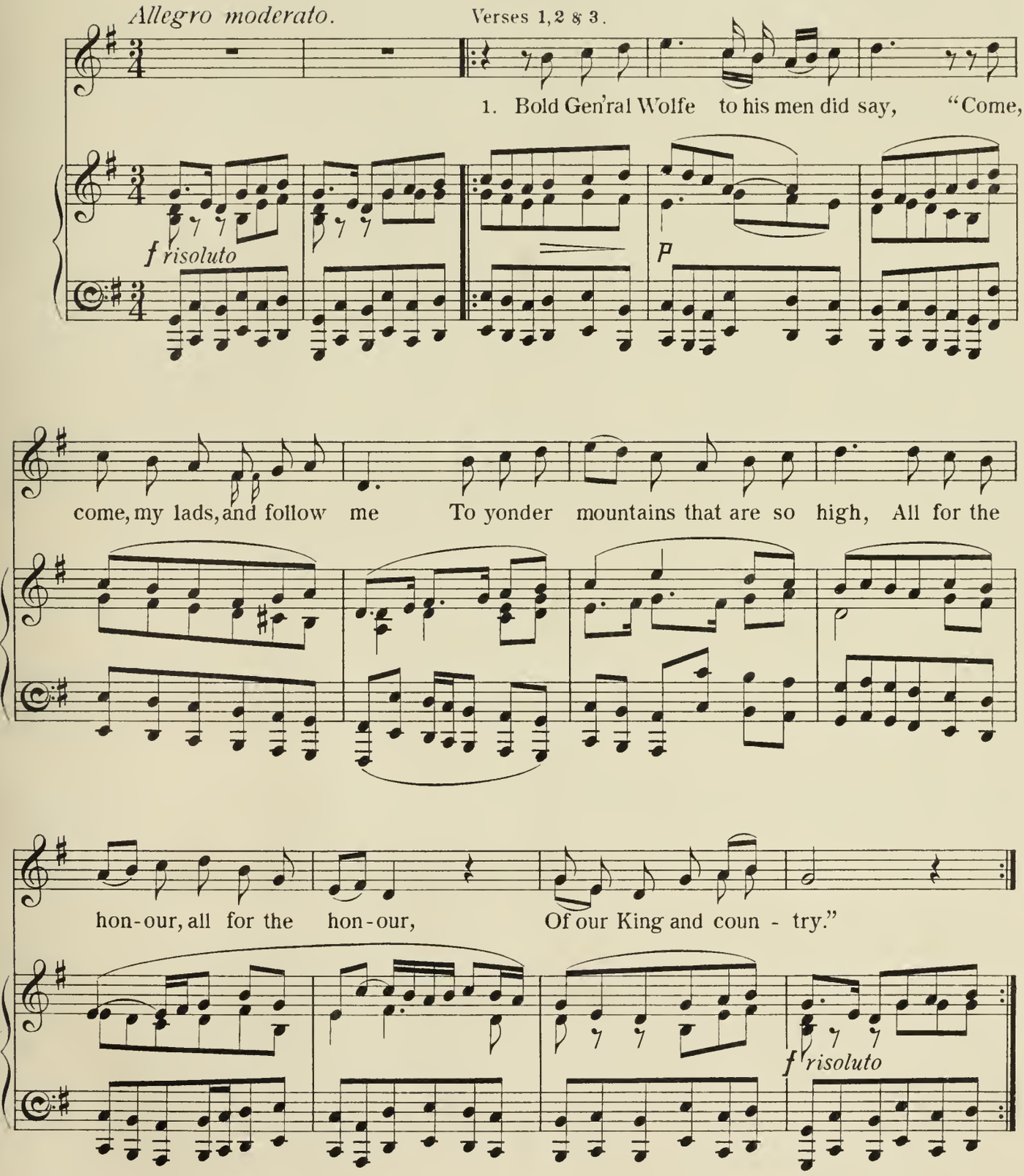
CONTENTS.

No.		Page.
1.	Bold General Wolfe	1
2.	Low down in the broom	4
3.	The Thresherman and the Squire	6
4.	The Pretty Plough boy	10
5.	O who is that that raps at my window?	12
6.	How cold the wind doth blow (or "The unquiet grave") ... (With violin *ad lib.*)	16
7.	Captain Grant	22
8.	Farewell, lads	25
9.	Come, all you worthy Christians	28
10.	The Turkish Lady	32
11.	The Seeds of Love ... ... (With violin *ad lib.*)	34
12.	The Maid of Islington	41
13.	Here's adieu to all Judges and Juries	44
14.	Lovely Joan	47
15.	The Isle of France	50

BOLD GENERAL WOLFE.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.

Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



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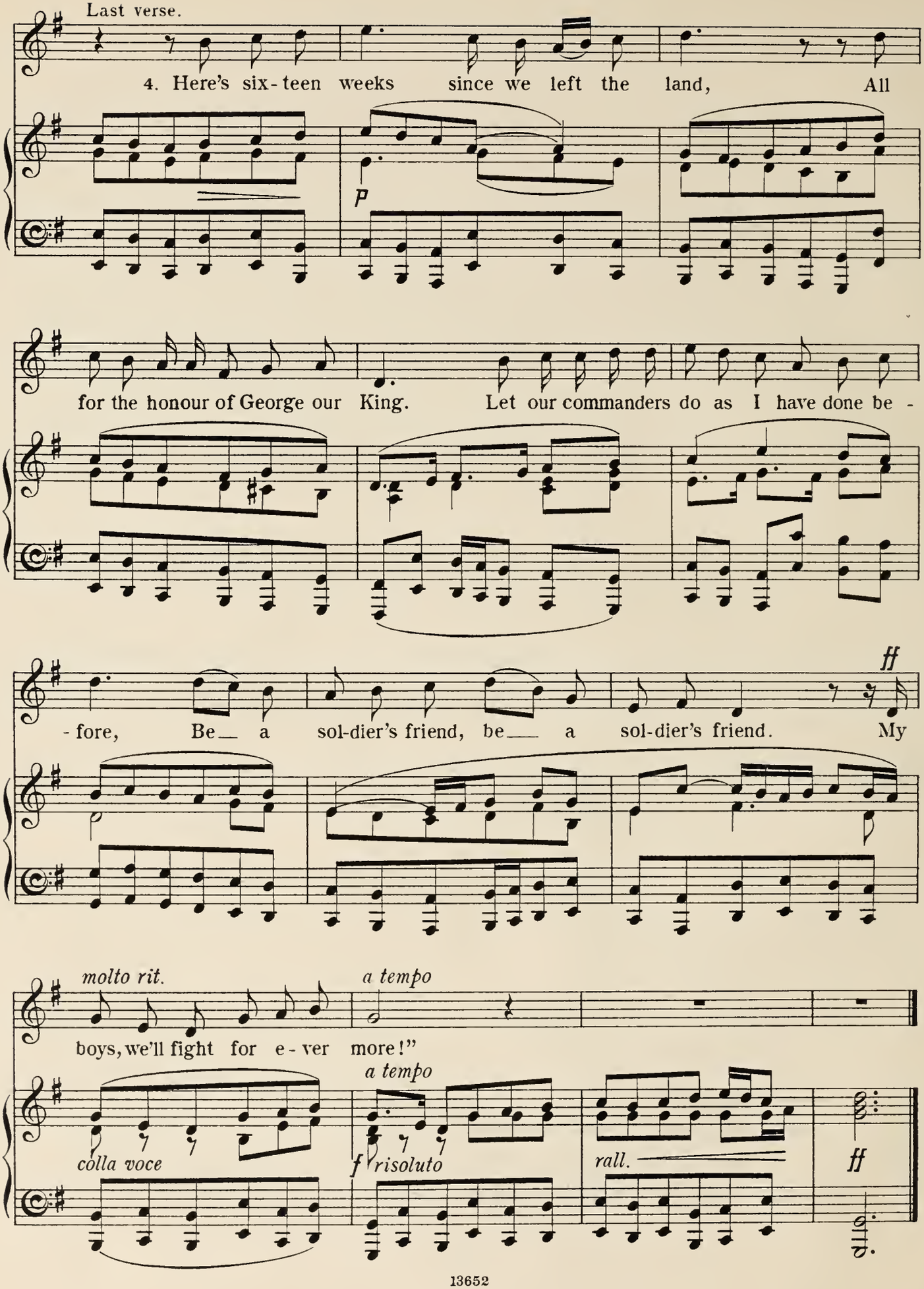

Last verse.
4. Here's six-teen weeks since we left the land, All
p
for the honour of George our King. Let our commanders do as I have done be-
ff
-fore, Be a sol-dier's friend, be a sol-dier's friend. My
molto rit.
a tempo
boys, we'll fight for e-ver more!"
a tempo
colla voce
f risoluto
rall.
ff

BOLD GENERAL WOLFE.

1. Bold General Wolfe to his men did say,
"Come, come, my lads, and follow me
To yonder mountains that are so high,
All for the honour, all for the honour
Of our King and country."

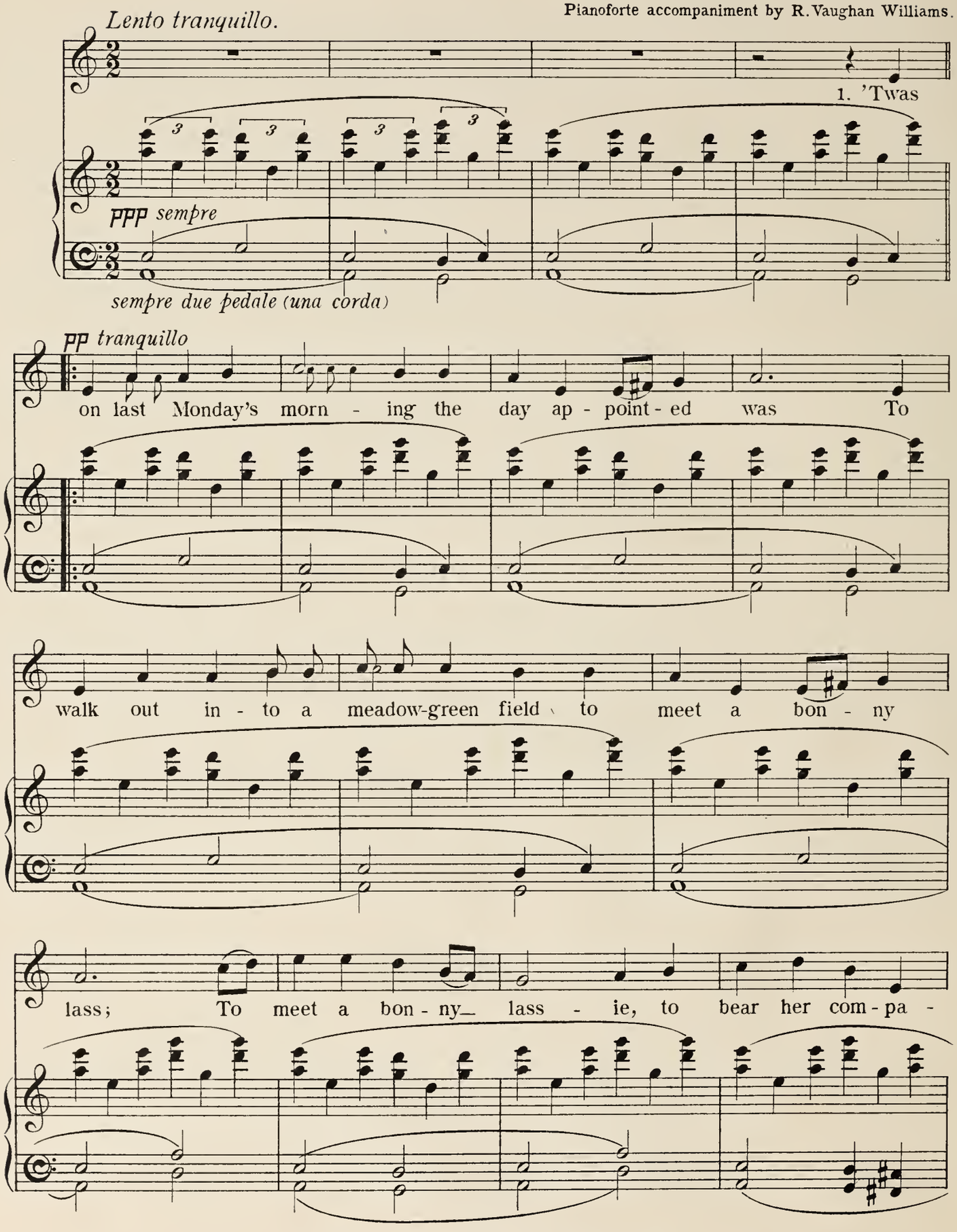
2. The French are on the mountains high,
While we poor lads in the valley lie.
I see them falling like motes in the sun,
Through smoke and fire, through smoke and fire,
All from the British guns.

3. The first volley they gave to us
Wounded our General in his breast:
Yonder he sits, for he cannot stand,
"Fight on so boldly, fight on so boldly!
While I live I'll have command.

4. Here's sixteen weeks since we left the land,
All for the honour of George our King.
Let our commanders do as I have done before,
Be a soldier's friend, be a soldier's friend.
My boys, we'll fight for ever more!"

LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



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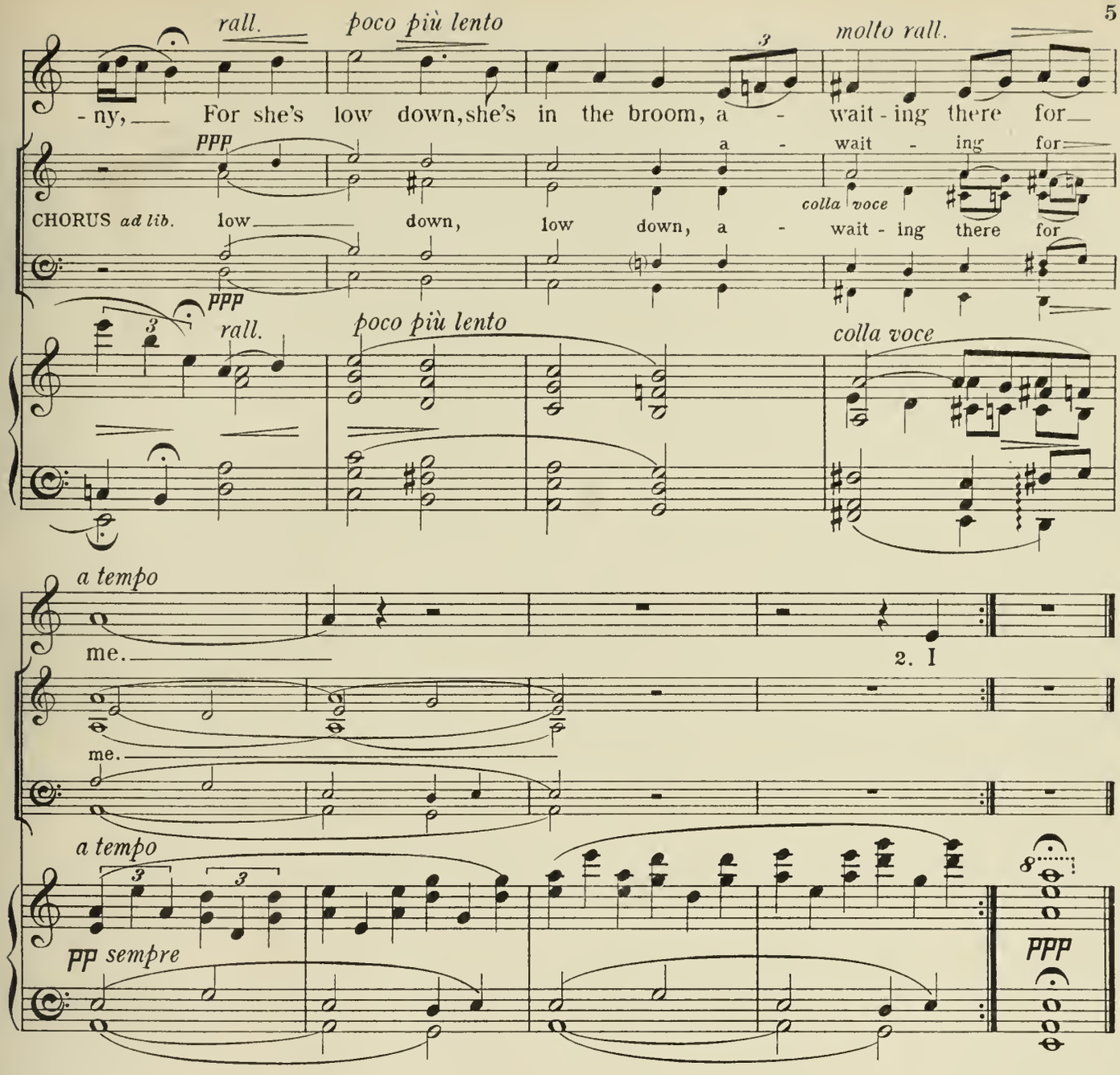


LOW DOWN IN THE BROOM.

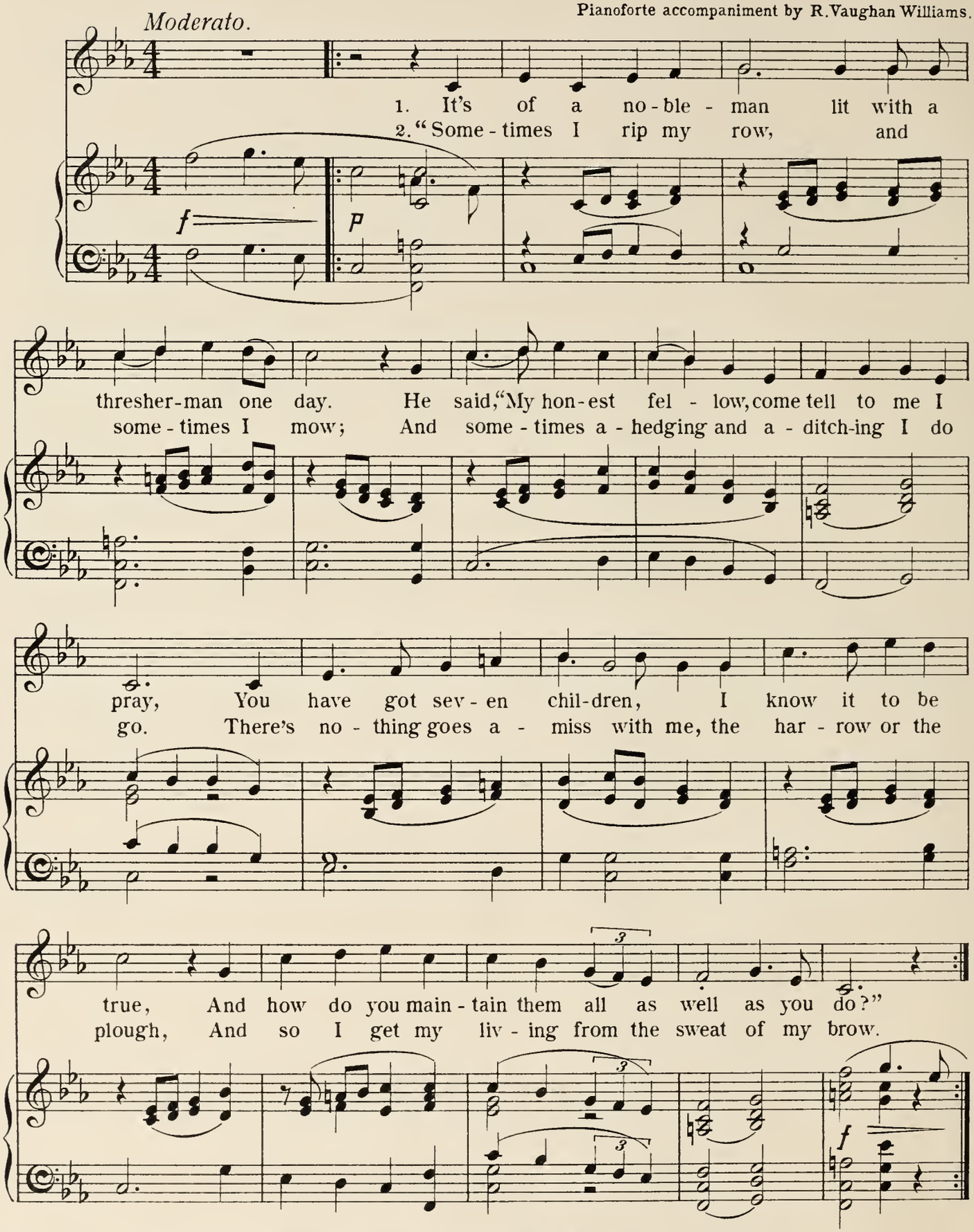
1. 'Twas on last Monday's morning the day appointed was
To walk out into a meadow-green field to meet a bonny lass;
To meet a bonny lassie, to bear her company,
For she's low down, she's in the broom, a-waiting there for me.

2. I looked over my left shoulder, to see whom I could see,
And there I spied my own true love, come tripping down to me;
Her heart being brisk and bonny, to bear me company,
For she's low down, she's in the broom, a-waiting there for me.

3. I took hold of her lily-white hand, and merry was her heart;
"And now we're met together, I hope we ne'er shall part."
"Oh, part, my dear? No never, until the day we die"
For she's low down, she's in the broom, a-waiting there for me.

THE THRESHERMAN AND THE SQUIRE.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



Note: The whole song may, if preferred, be sung to the accompaniment of verse 1.

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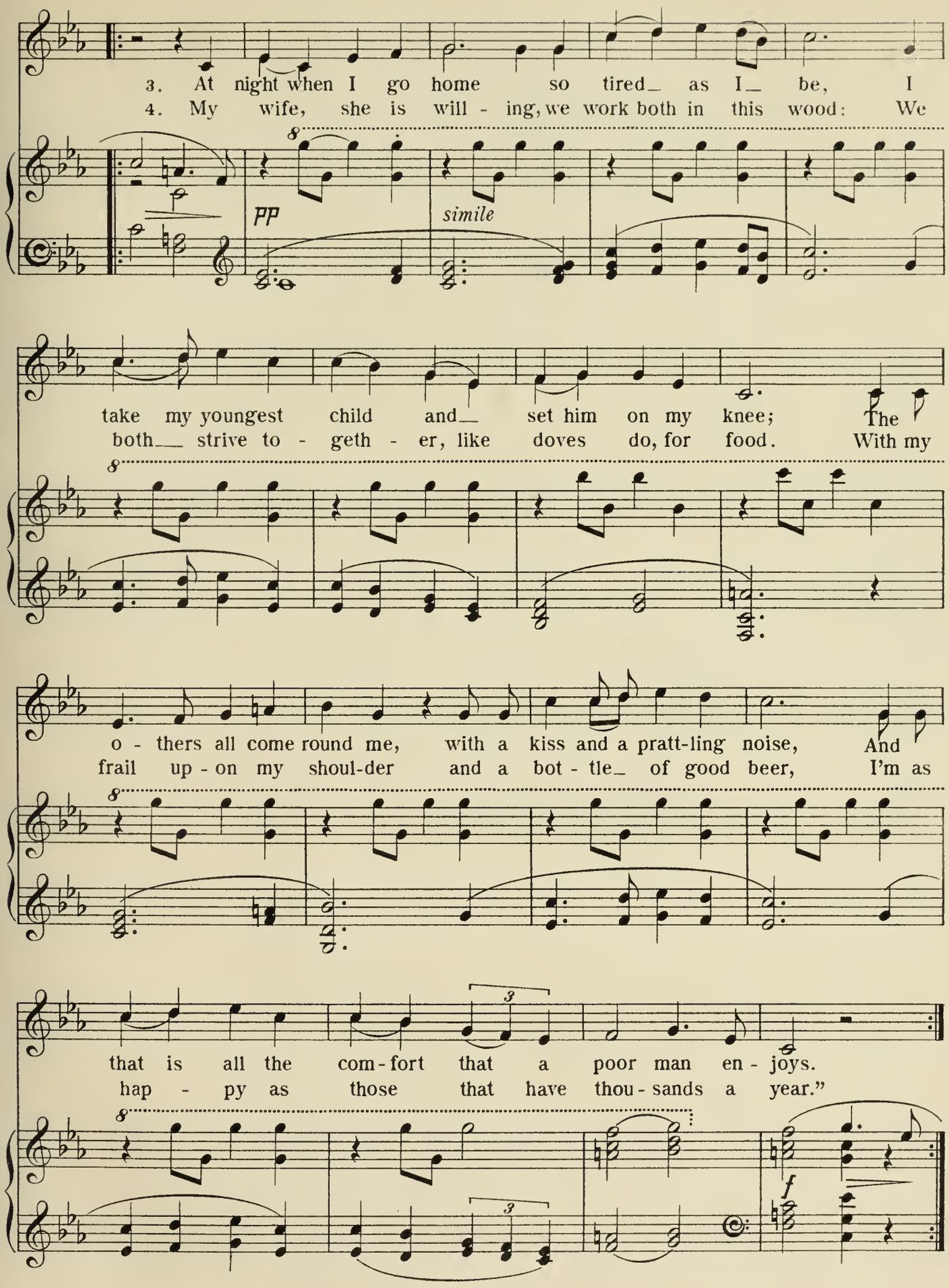
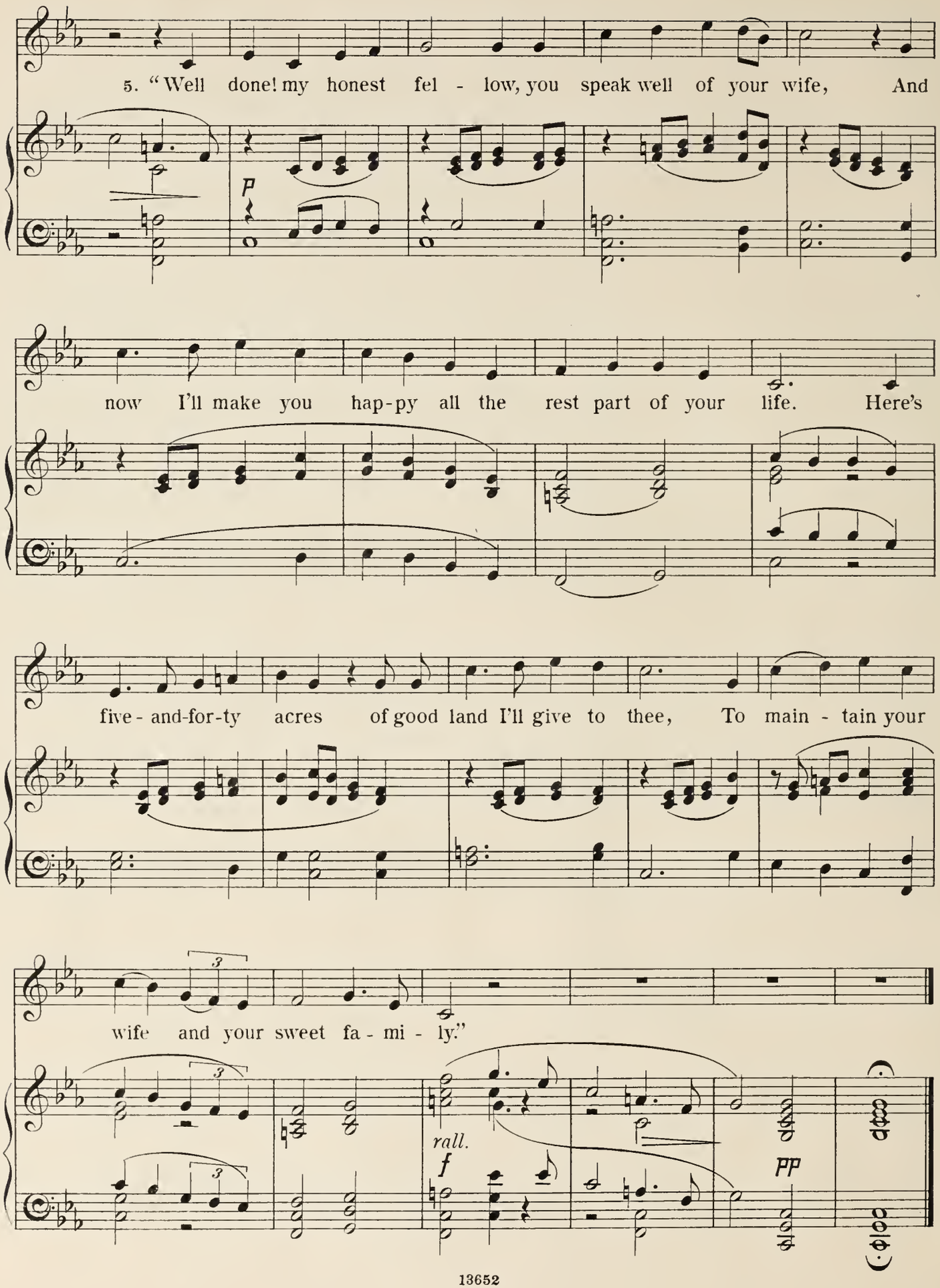

3. At night when I go home so tired as I be, I take my youngest child and set him on my knee; The o - thers all come round me, with a kiss and a pratt-ling noise, And that is all the com - fort that a poor man en - joys.
4. My wife, she is will - ing, we work both in this wood: We both strive to - geth - er, like doves do, for food. With my frail up - on my shoul-der and a bot - tle of good beer, I'm as hap - py as those that have thou - sands a year."
pp
simile
f


5. "Well done! my honest fel - low, you speak well of your wife, And
now I'll make you hap-py all the rest part of your life. Here's
five - and-for-ty acres of good land I'll give to thee, To main - tain your
wife and your sweet fa - mi - ly."
rall.

THE THRESHERMAN AND THE SQUIRE.

1. It's of a nobleman lit with a thresherman one day.
He said, "My honest fellow, come tell to me I pray,
You have got seven children, I know it to be true,
And how do you maintain them all as well as you do?"

2. "Sometimes I rip my row, and sometimes I mow;
And sometimes a-hedging and a-ditching I do go.
There's nothing goes amiss with me, the harrow or the plough,
And so I get my living from the sweat of my brow.

3. At night when I go home, so tired as I be,
I take my youngest child and set him on my knee;
The others all come round me, with a kiss and a prattling noise,
And that is all the comfort that a poor man enjoys.

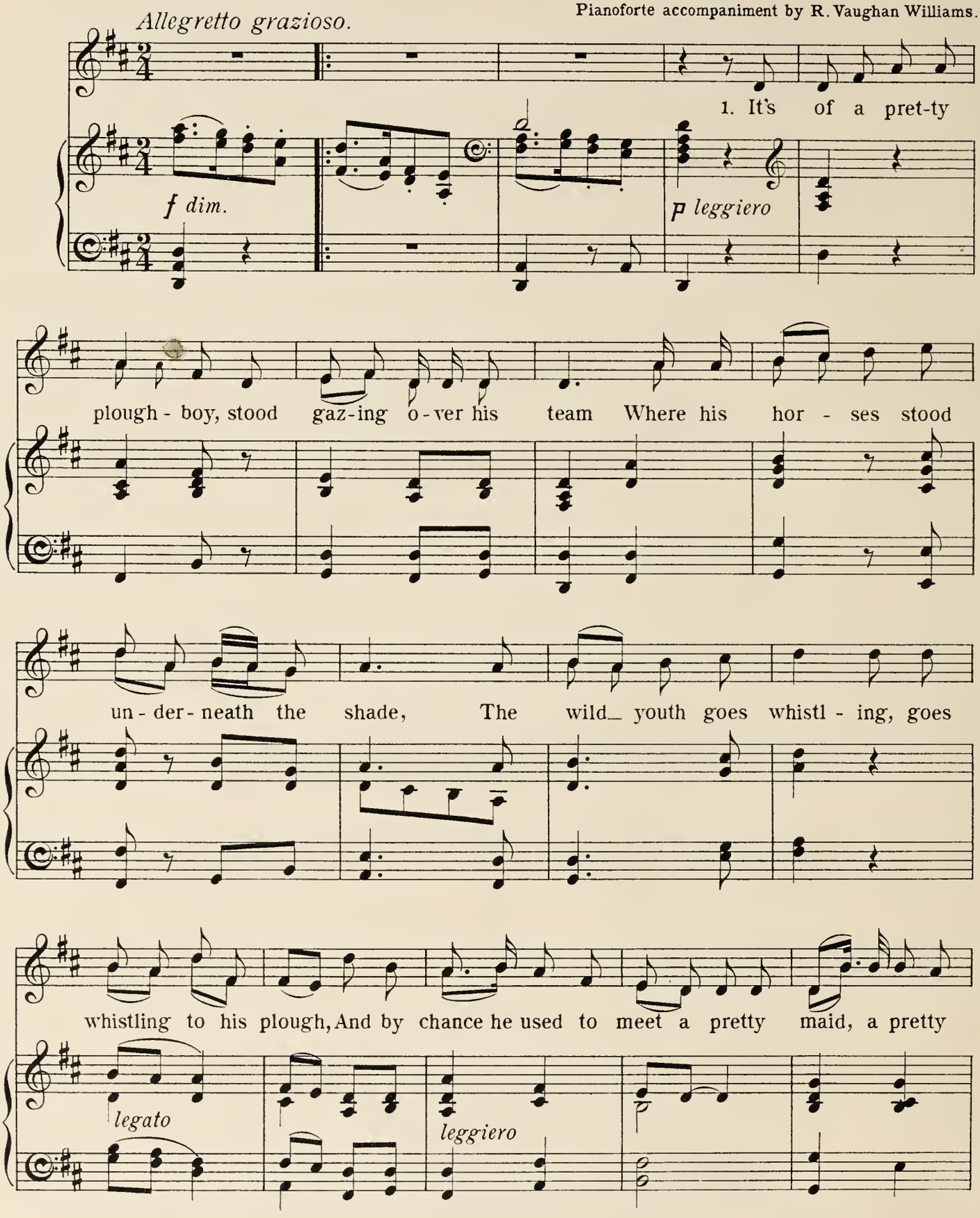
4. My wife, she is willing, we work both in this wood:
We both strive together, like doves do, for food.
With my frail upon my shoulder and bottle of good beer,
I'm as happy as those that have thousands a year."

5. "Well done! my honest fellow, you speak well of your wife,
And now I'll make you happy all the rest part of your life.
Here's five and forty acres of good land I'll give to thee,
To maintain your wife and your sweet family.

Note: The first line of verse 3 and last two lines of verse 4 are borrowed from another Sussex version.

THE PRETTY PLOUGHBOY.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



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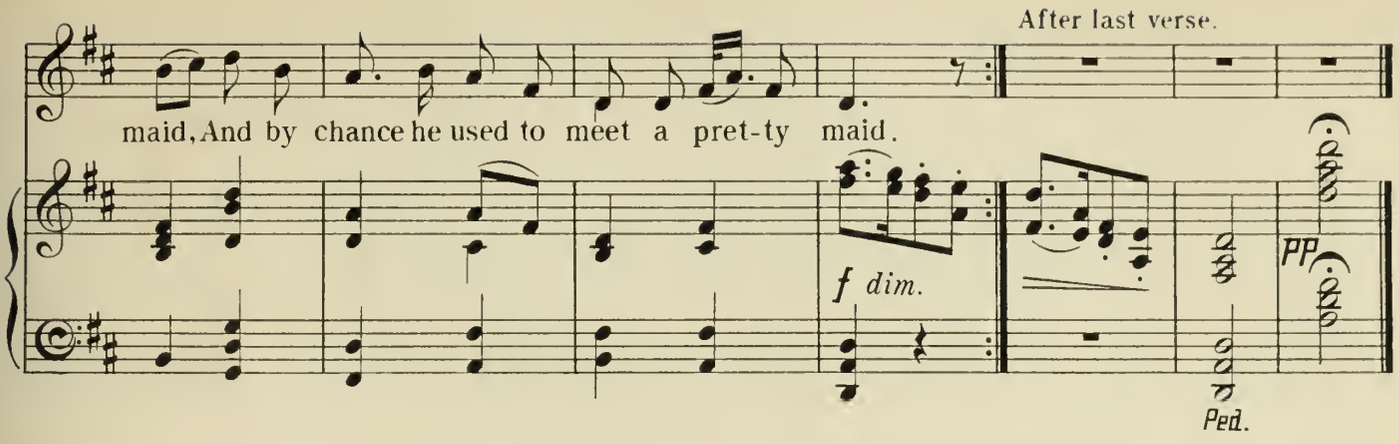


THE PRETTY PLOUGHBOY.

1. It's of a pretty ploughboy, stood gazing over his team
Where his horses stood underneath the shade,
The wild youth goes whistling, goes whistling to his plough,
And by chance he used to meet a pretty maid.

2. "If I should fall in love with you, it's my pretty maid,
And when your parents came for to know
The very first thing will be, they will send me to the sea;
They will send me in the wars to be slain."

3. Now when her aged parents they came for to know,
The ploughboy was ploughing on the plain.
The press-gang was sent and they pressed her love away
And they sent him in the wars to be slain.

4. 'Twas early the next morning when she early rose,
With her pockets well lined with gold.
See how she traced the streets, with the tears all in her eyes,
In search of her jolly ploughboy bold.

5. The very first she met was a brisk young sailor bold.
"Have you seen my pretty ploughboy?" O she cried.
"He's gone unto the deep, he's a-sailing in the fleet,
Will you ride, pretty maid, will you ride?"

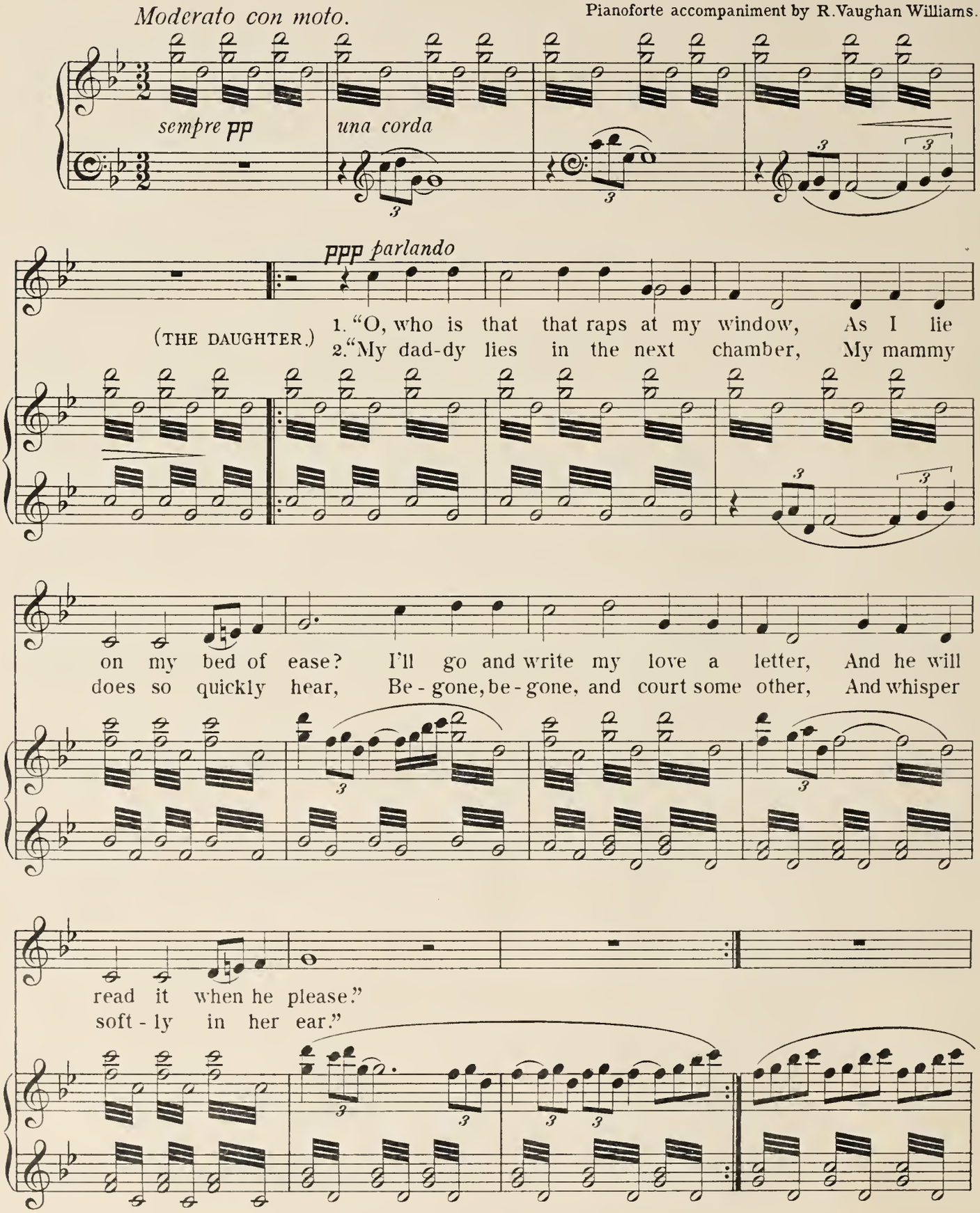
6. She rode till she came to the ship her love was in,
Then unto the captain did complain.
Said she "I've come to seek for my pretty ploughboy
That is sent to the wars to be slain."

7. She took out fifty guineas and trolled them on the floor
And gently she told them all o'er,
And when she'd got her ploughboy all safe in her arms
Then she rowed the pretty ploughboy safe on shore.

* A few lines are added from the collections of the late Mr. H.E.D. Hammond, Mr. Cecil Sharp and from a Broadside.

O WHO IS THAT THAT RAPS AT MY WINDOW?

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



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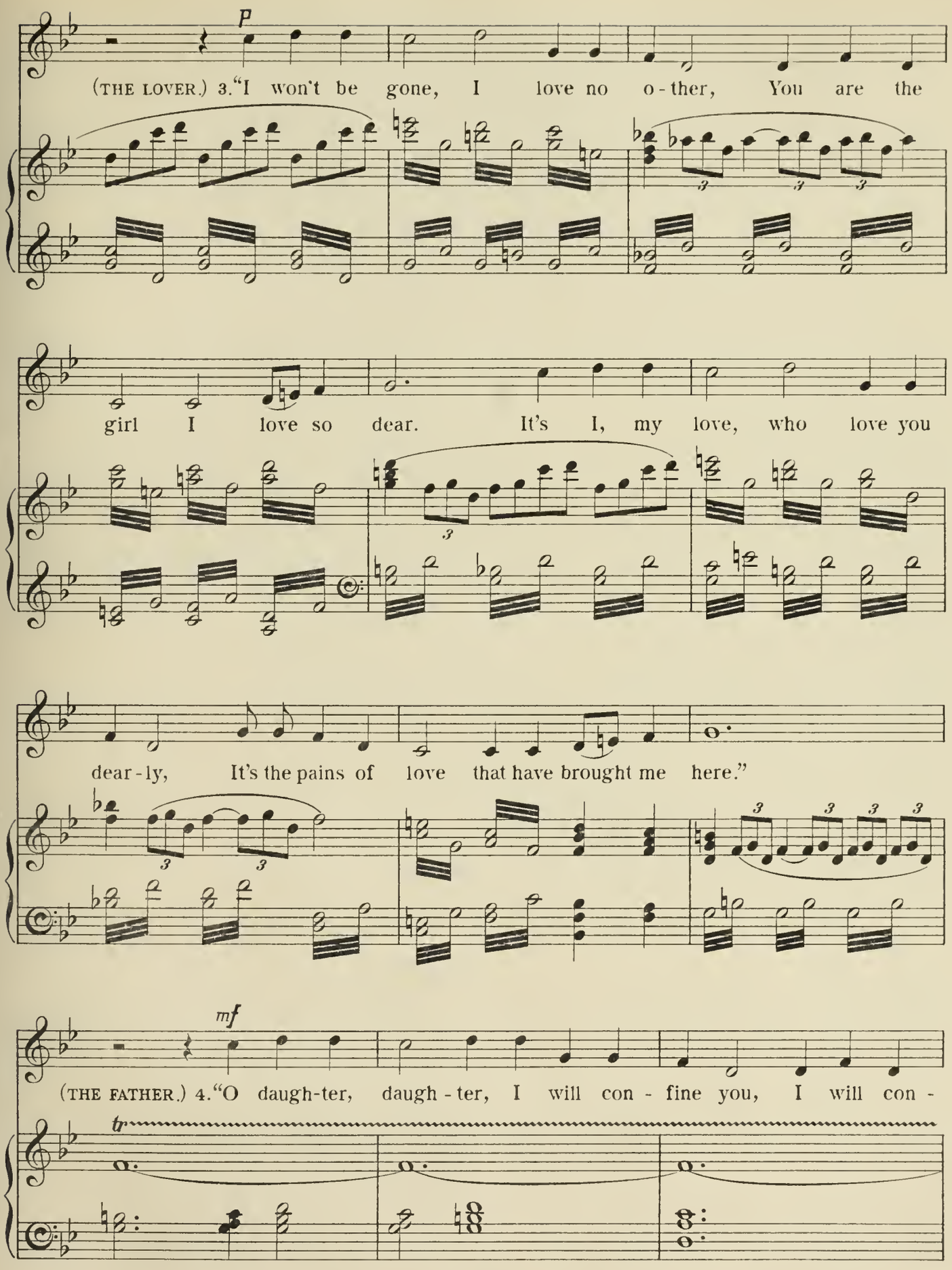
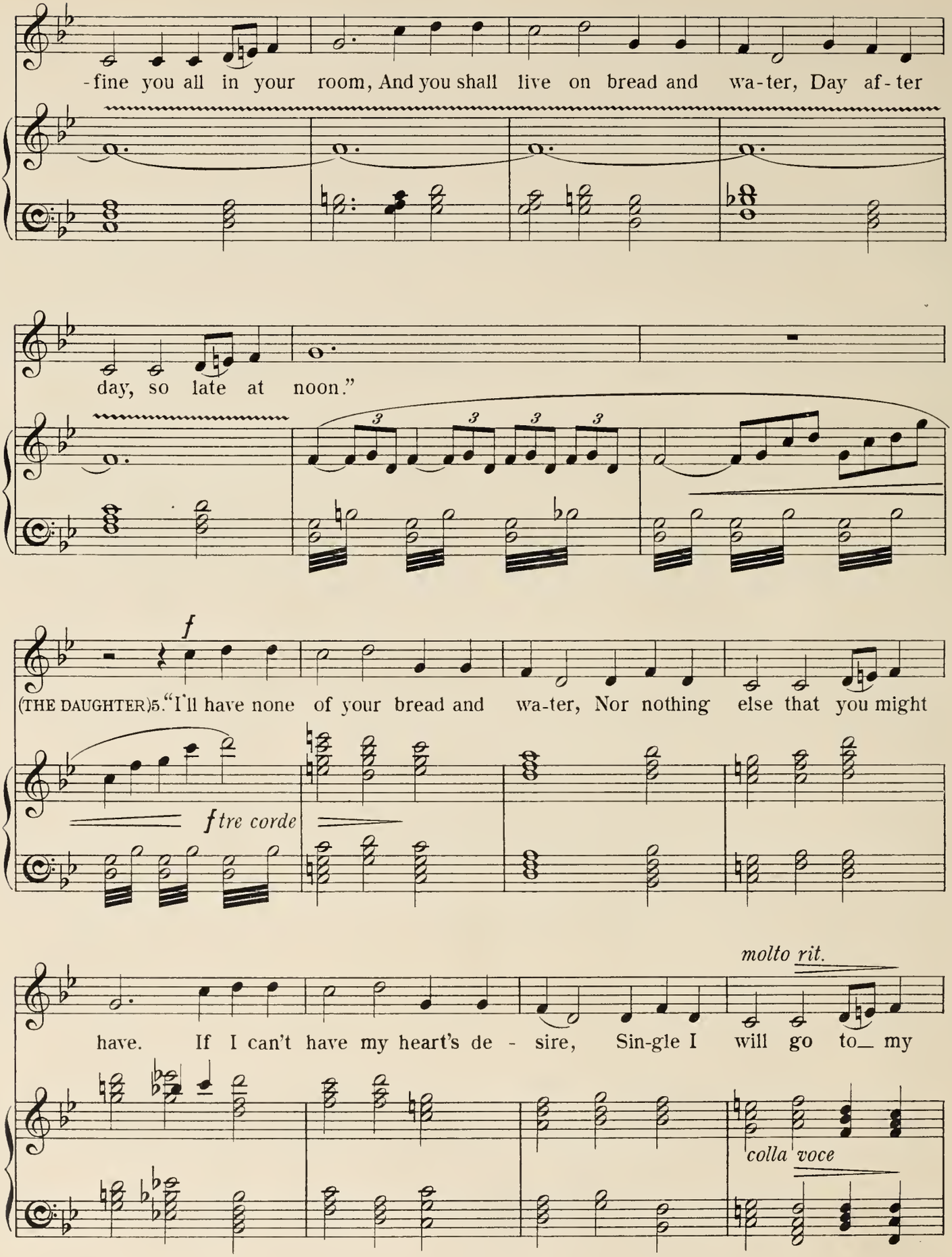
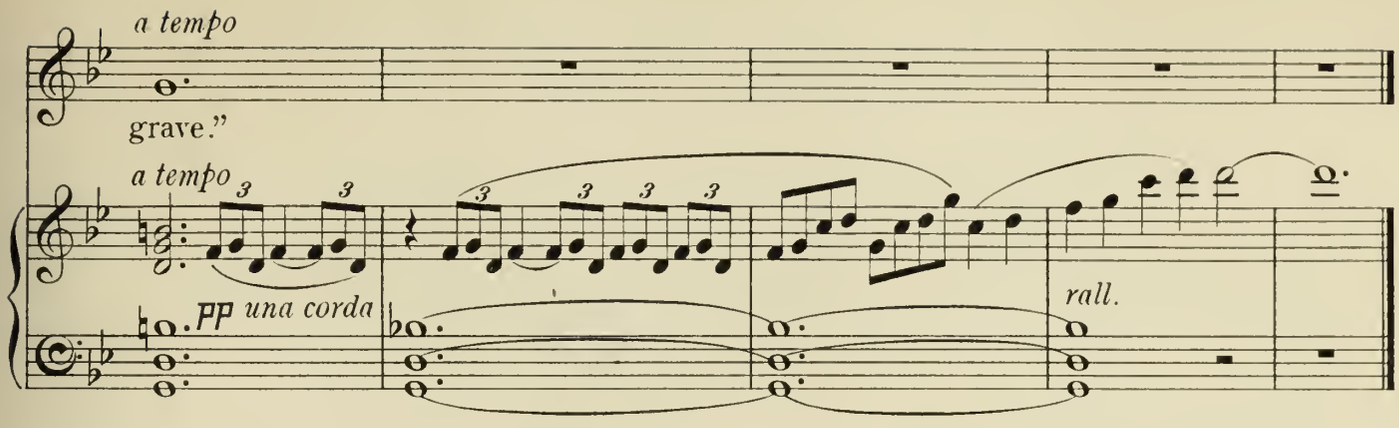

p
(THE LOVER.) 3."I won't be gone, I love no o-ther, You are the
girl I love so dear. It's I, my love, who love you
dear-ly, It's the pains of love that have brought me here."
mf
(THE FATHER.) 4."O daugh-ter, daugh-ter, I will con-fine you, I will con-
tr


-fine you all in your room, And you shall live on bread and wa-ter, Day af-ter
day, so late at noon."
f
(THE DAUGHTER)5."I'll have none of your bread and wa-ter, Nor nothing else that you might
f tre corde
molto rit.
have. If I can't have my heart's de - sire, Sin-gle I will go to_ my
colla voce



O WHO IS THAT THAT RAPS AT MY WINDOW?

(The Daughter.) 1. "O, who is that that raps at my window,
As I lie on my bed of ease?
I'll go and write my love a letter,
And he will read it when he please."

2. "My daddy lies in the next chamber,
My mammy does so quickly hear,
Begone, begone, and court some other
And whisper softly in her ear."

(The Lover.) 3. "I won't be gone, I love no other,
You are the girl I love so dear.
It's I, my love, who love you dearly,
It's the pains of love that have brought me here."

(The Father.) 4. "O daughter, daughter, I will confine you,
I will confine you all in your room,
And you shall live on bread and water,
Day after day so late at noon."

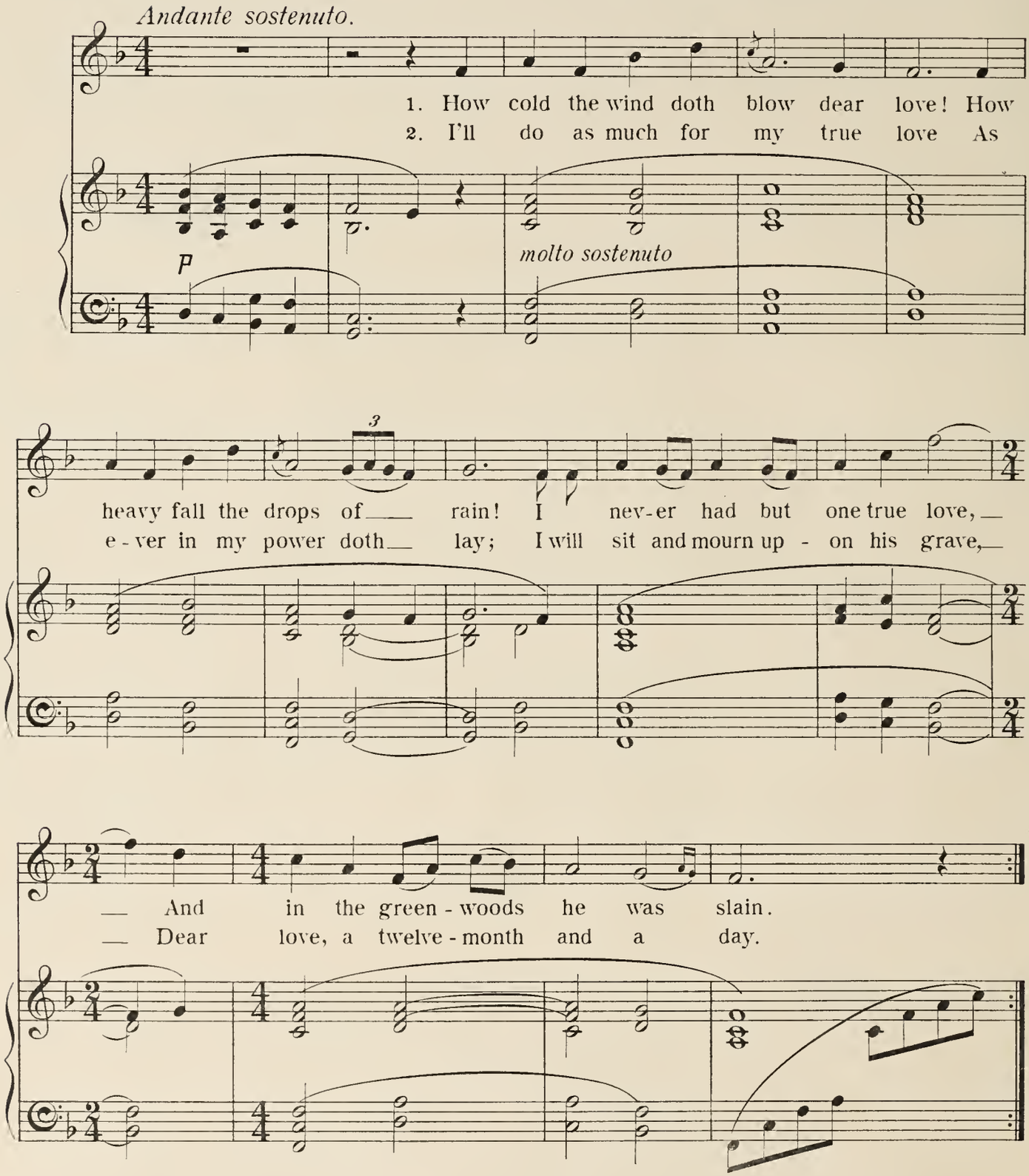
(The Daughter.) 5. "I'll have none of your bread and water,
Nor nothing else that you might have.
If I can't have my heart's desire
Single I will go to my grave."

Note: Verses 3, 4 & 5 are adapted from two versions of this ballad collected by Mr. Cecil Sharp and are inserted here by his kind permission.

HOW COLD THE WIND DOTH BLOW.

(OR "THE UNQUIET GRAVE.")

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



Note: The whole song may, if preferred, be sung to the accompaniment of verse 1.

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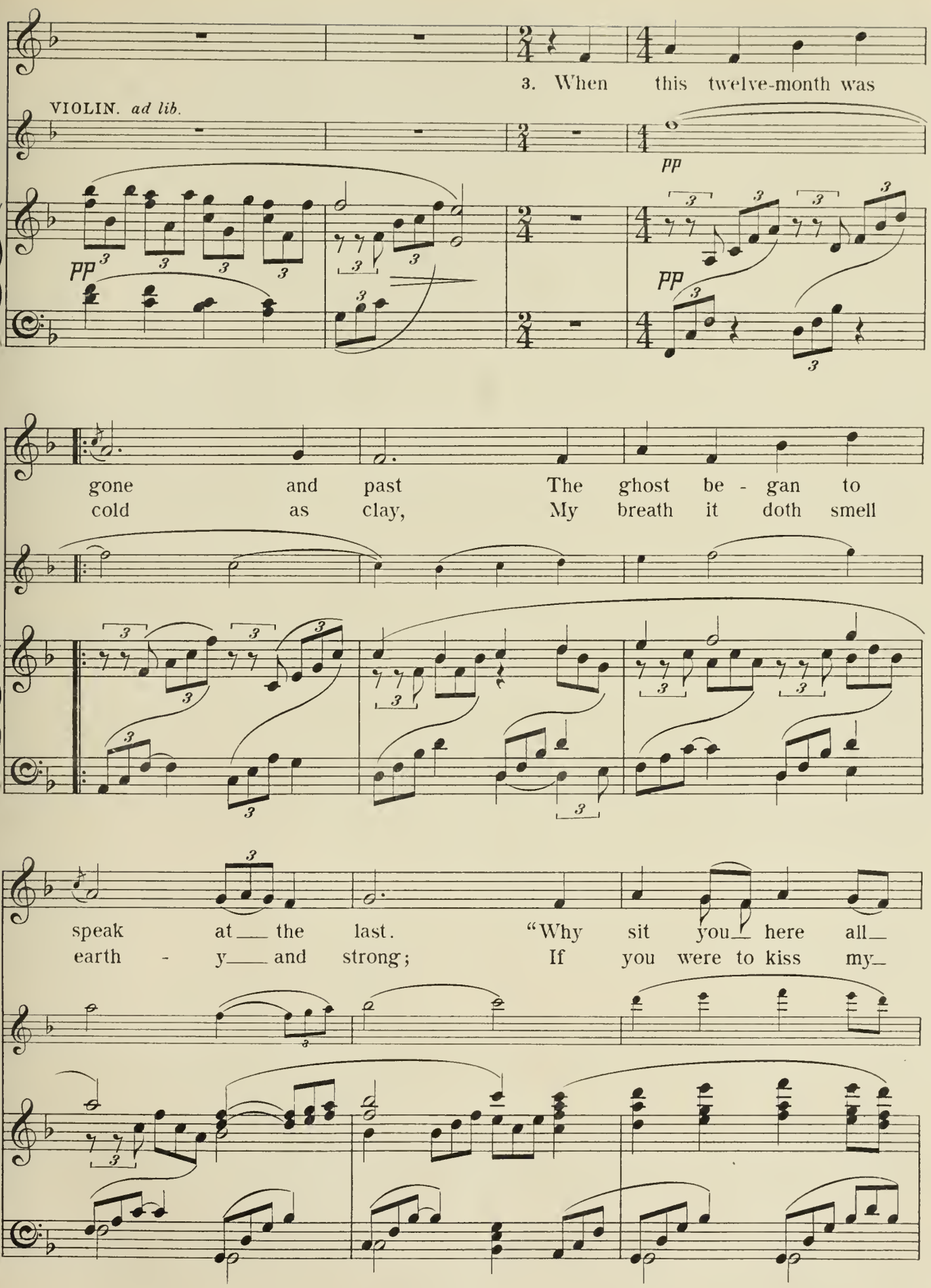
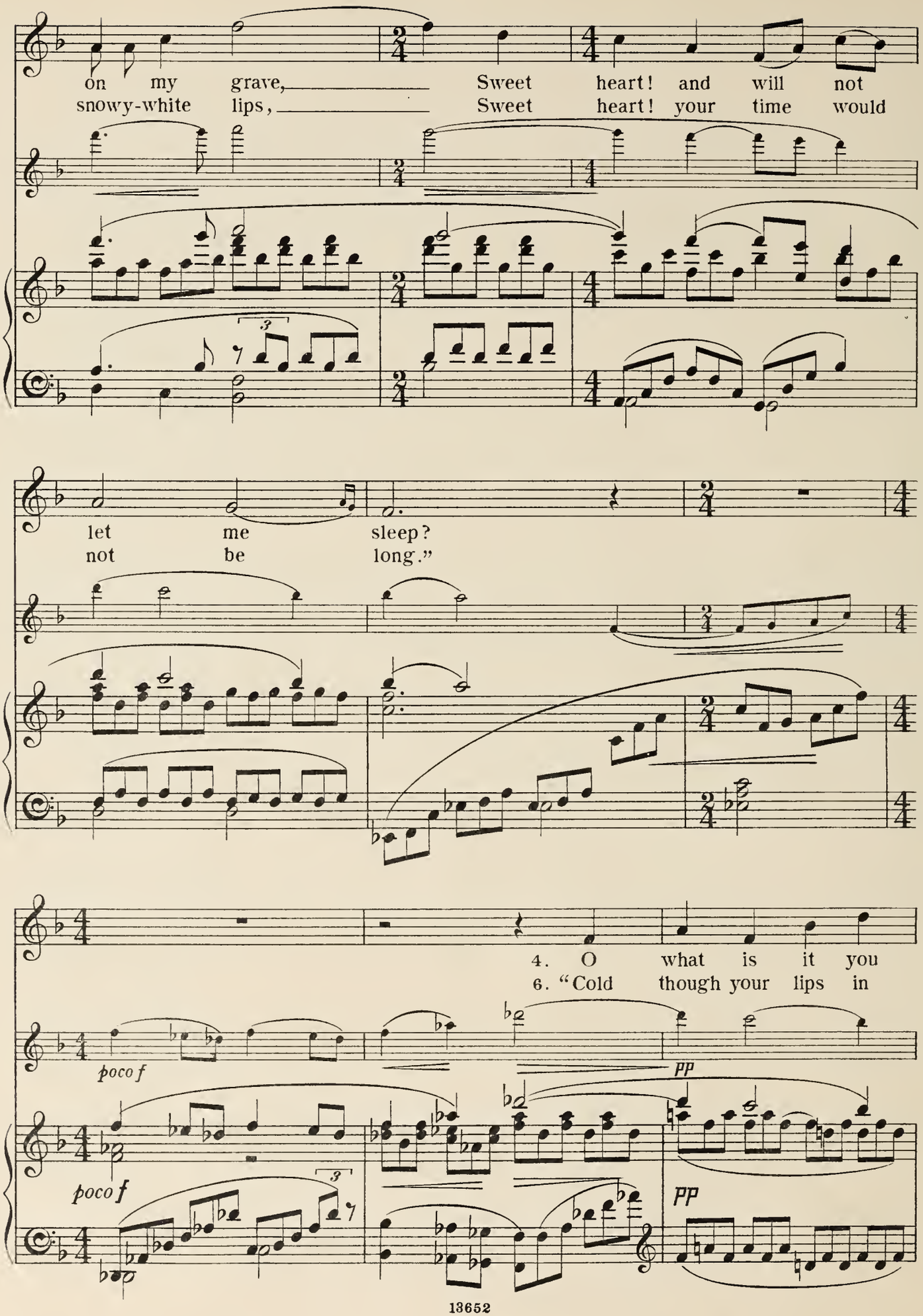
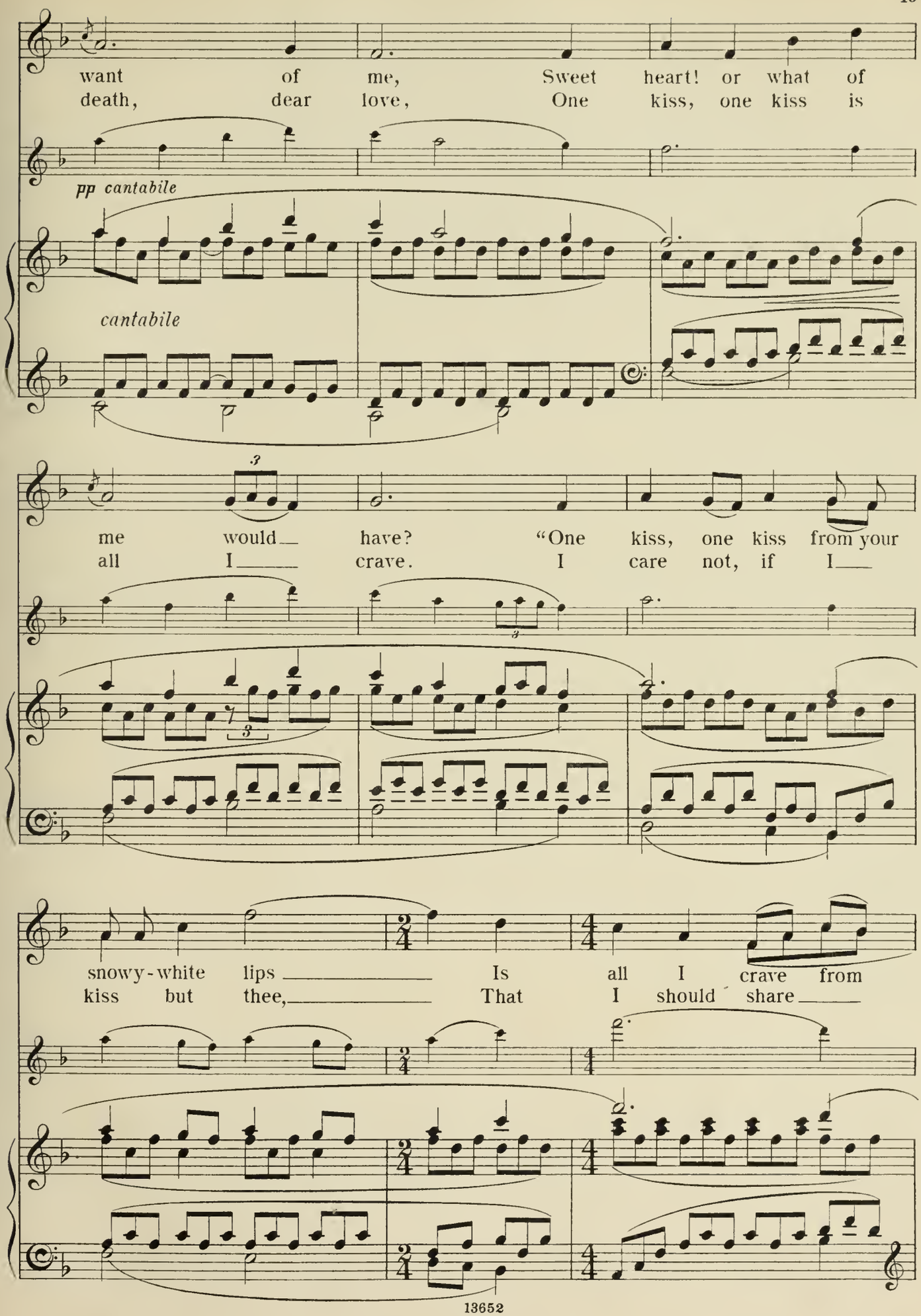
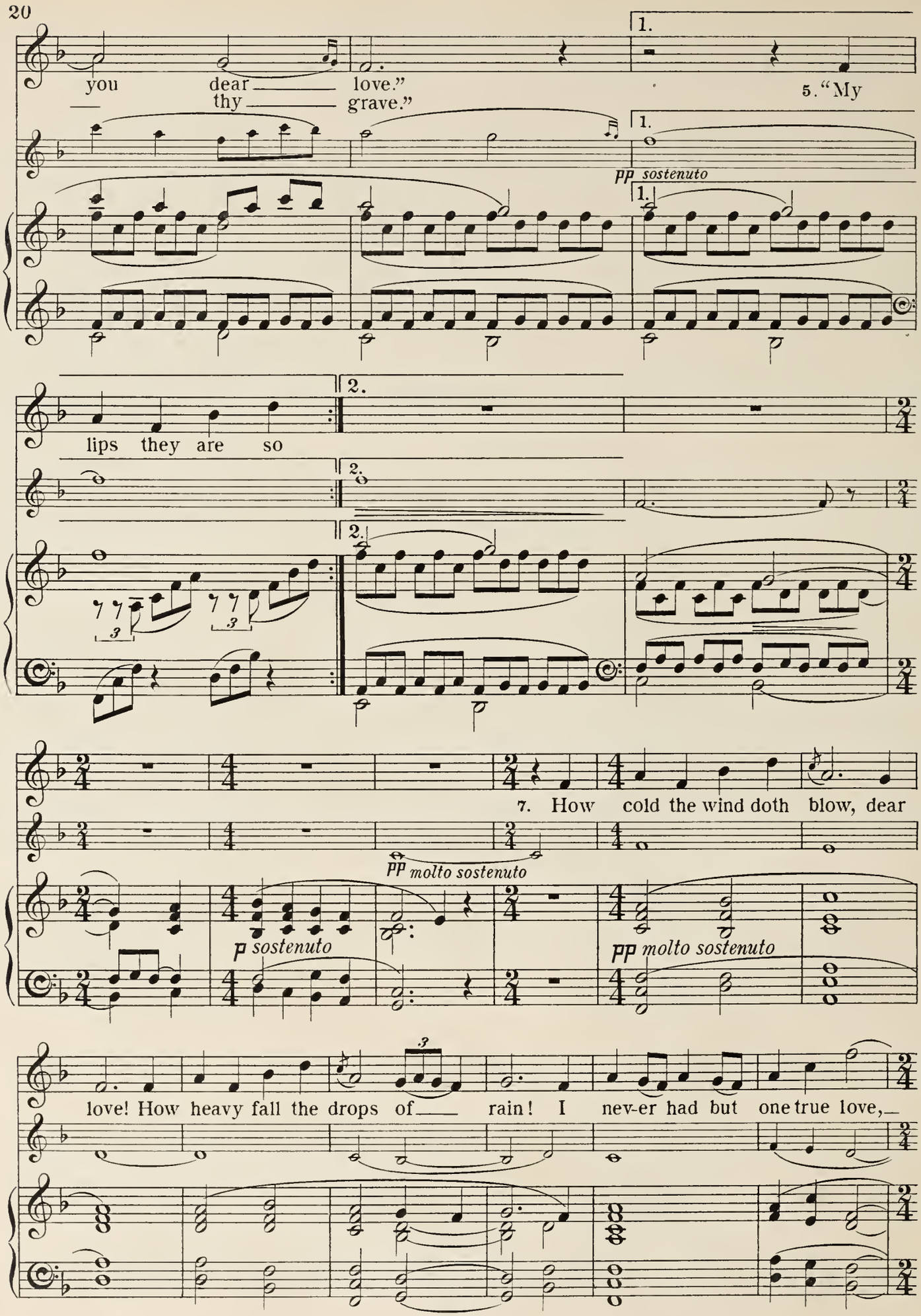
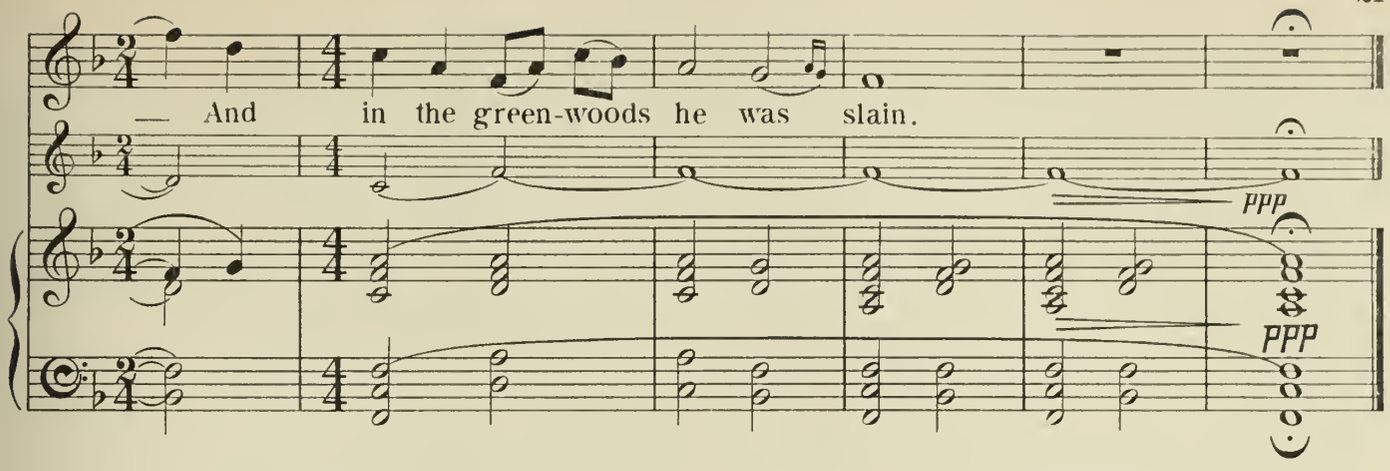

3. When this twelve-month was
VIOLIN. ad lib.
pp
pp
pp
gone and past The ghost be - gan to
cold as clay, My breath it doth smell
speak at the last. "Why sit you here all
earth - y and strong; If you were to kiss my


on my grave, Sweet heart! and will not
snowy-white lips, Sweet heart! your time would
let me sleep?
not be long."
4. O what is it you
6. "Cold though your lips in
poco f
pp
poco f
pp


want of me, Sweet heart! or what of
death, dear love, One kiss, one kiss is
pp cantabile
cantabile
me would have? "One kiss, one kiss from your
all I crave. I care not, if I
snowy-white lips Is all I crave from
kiss but thee, That I should share


you dear love."
thy grave."
5. "My
pp sostenuto
lips they are so
7. How cold the wind doth blow, dear
pp molto sostenuto
p sostenuto
pp molto sostenuto
love! How heavy fall the drops of rain! I nev-er had but one true love,



HOW COLD THE WIND DOTH BLOW.

(OR "THE UNQUIET GRAVE")

1. How cold the wind doth blow, dear love!
How heavy fall the drops of rain!
I never had but one true love,
And in the green-woods he was slain.

2. I'll do as much for my true love
As ever in my power doth lay;
I will sit and mourn upon his grave,
Dear love, a twelvemonth and a day.

3. When this twelvemonth was gone and past
The ghost began to speak at the last.
"Why sit you here all on my grave,
Sweet heart! and will not let me sleep?

4. O what is it you want of me
Sweet heart! or what of me would have?"
"One kiss, one kiss from your snowy-white lips
Is all I crave from you dear love."

5. "My lips they are so cold as clay,
My breath it doth smell earthy and strong;
If you were to kiss my snowy-white lips,
Sweet heart! your time would not be long."

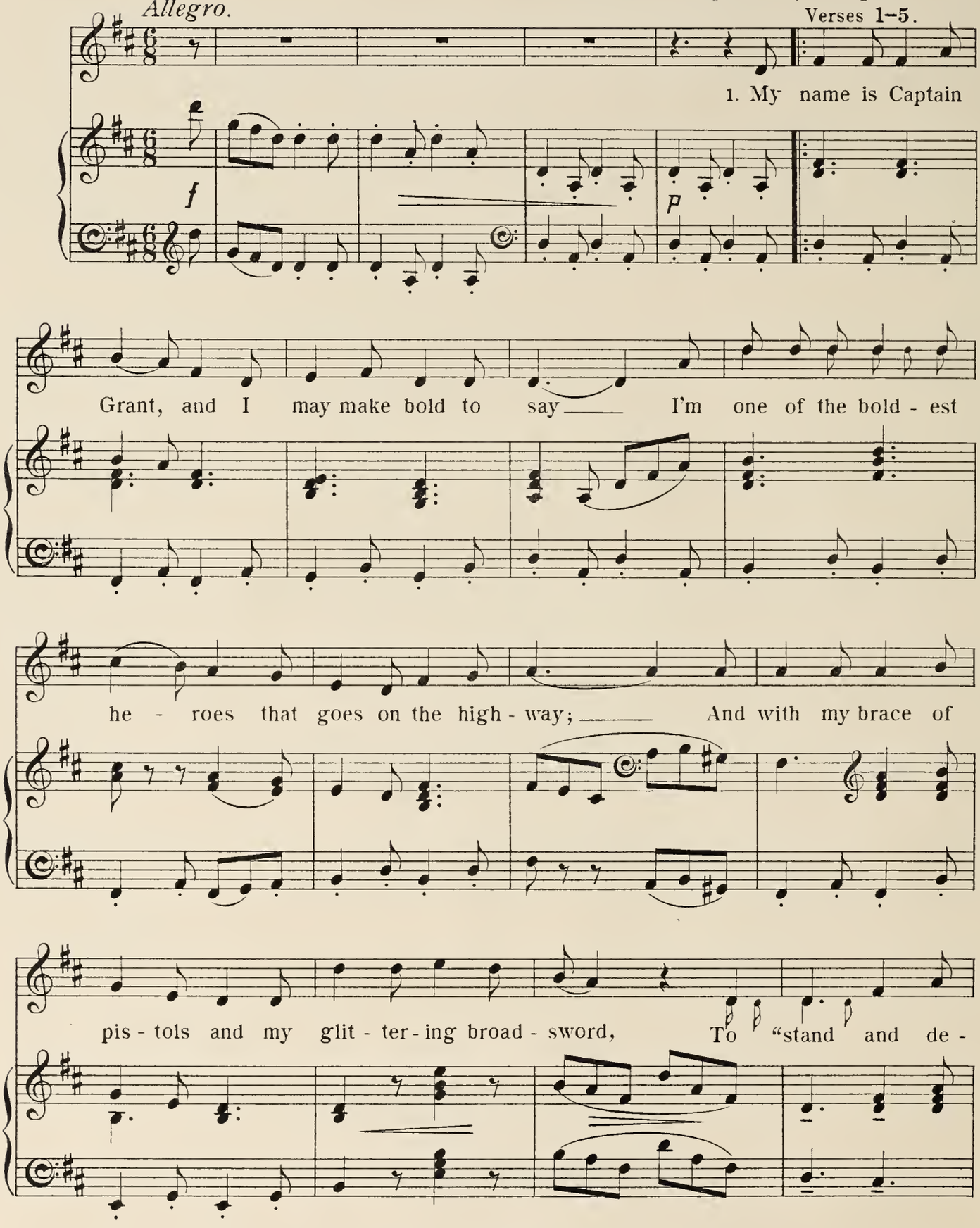
6. "Cold though your lips in death, dear love,
One kiss, one kiss is all I crave.
I care not, if I kiss but thee,
That I should share thy grave."

7. How cold the wind doth blow, dear love!
How heavy fall the drops of rain!
I never had but one true love,
And in the green-woods he was slain.

Note: A portion, only, of these words was transcribed by Mr. Merrick, namely verse 1 (repeated in verse 7), verse 2, the first half of verse 3 and the latter half of verse 4. The rest has been adapted from traditional versions collected by the Rev. S. Baring Gould, Mr. Cecil Sharp (and inserted by their kind permission), and the late Mr. H. E. D. Hammond.

CAPTAIN GRANT.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



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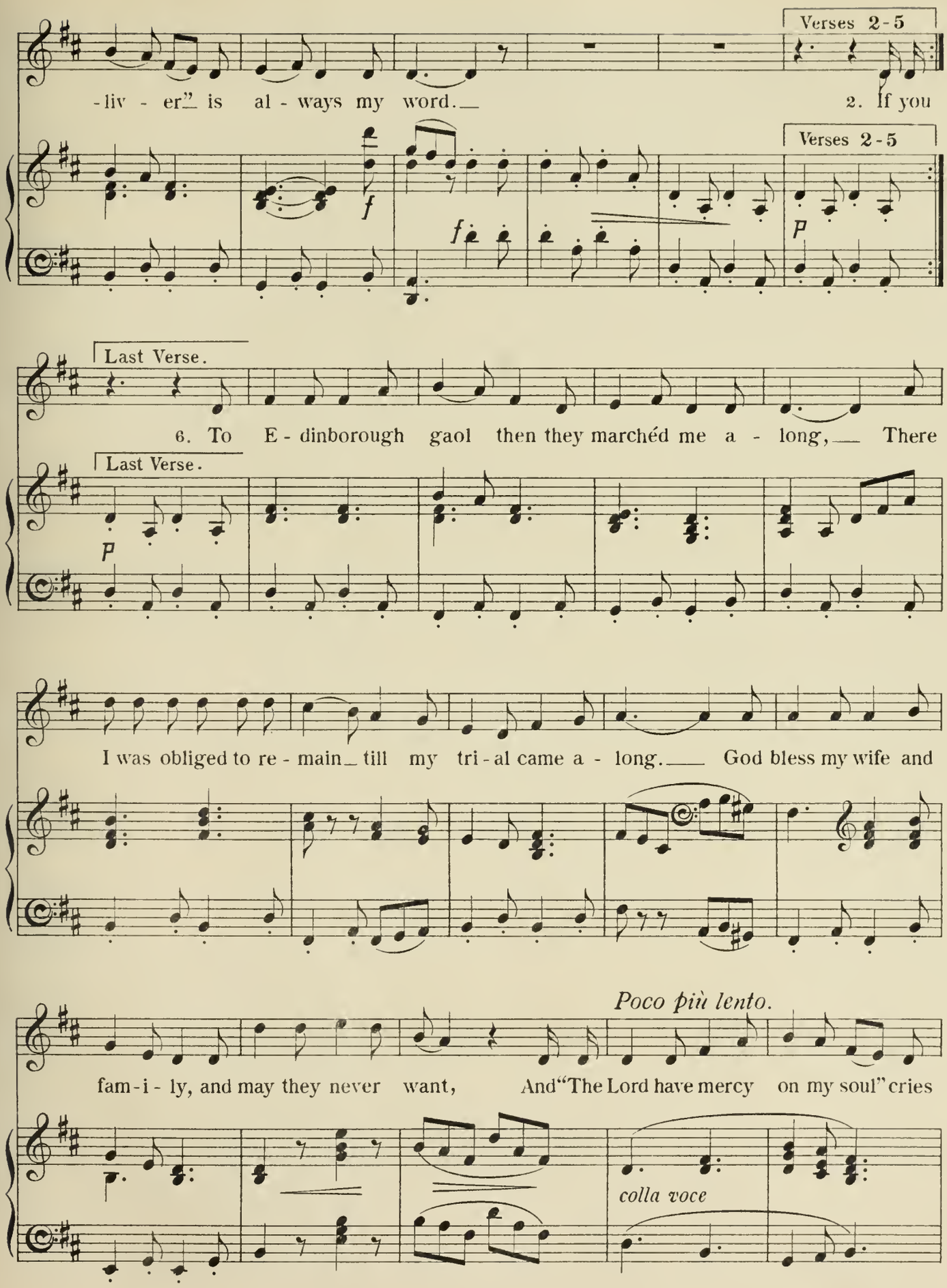
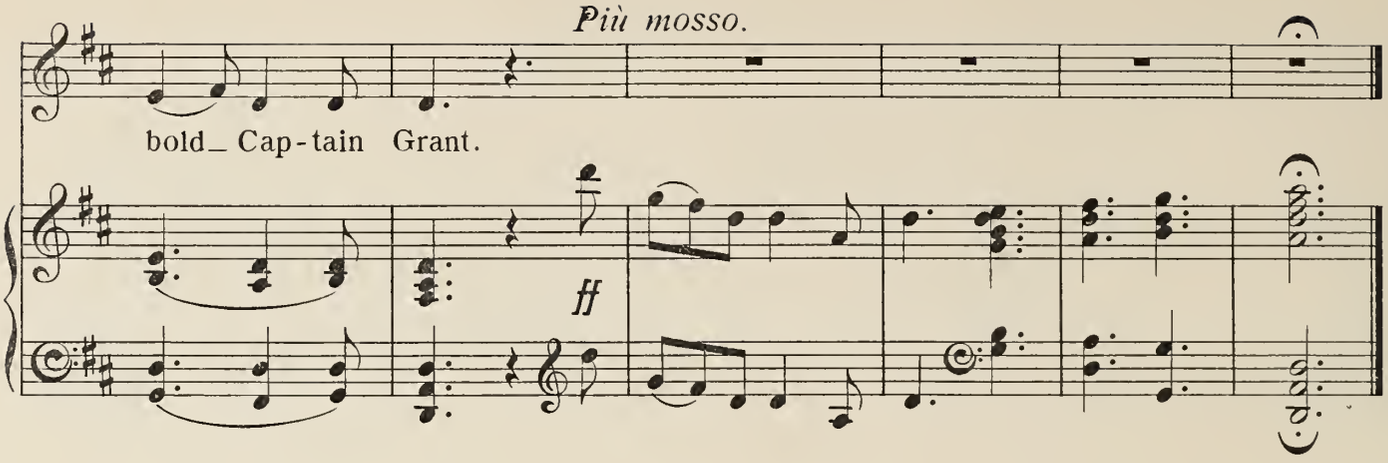

Verses 2-5
-liv - er" is al - ways my word.
2. If you
Verses 2-5
Last Verse.
6. To E - dinborough gaol then they marchéd me a - long, There
Last Verse.
I was obliged to re - main till my tri - al came a - long. God bless my wife and
Poco più lento.
fam - i - ly, and may they never want, And "The Lord have mercy on my soul" cries
colla voce



CAPTAIN GRANT.

1. My name is Captain Grant, and I may make bold to say
I'm one of the boldest heroes that goes on the highway;
And with my brace of pistols and my glittering broad-sword,
To "stand and deliver" is always my word.

2. If you meet with a poor traveller who is hungry and dry
And if he craves for charity his wants I will supply;
Here's ale and wine and brandy, till I've spent all my store,
And when my money is all gone I'll boldly rob for more.

3. To Edinborough gaol then they marchéd me along,
There I was obliged to remain till my trial came along.
For shooting at the king I was then condemned to die,
But I never had a hand in that same robbery.

4. From Edinborough gaol then I made my way out
And those that did oppose me I put them to the rout;
All with my metal bullets I knocked the sentry down
And made my escape out of Edinborough town.

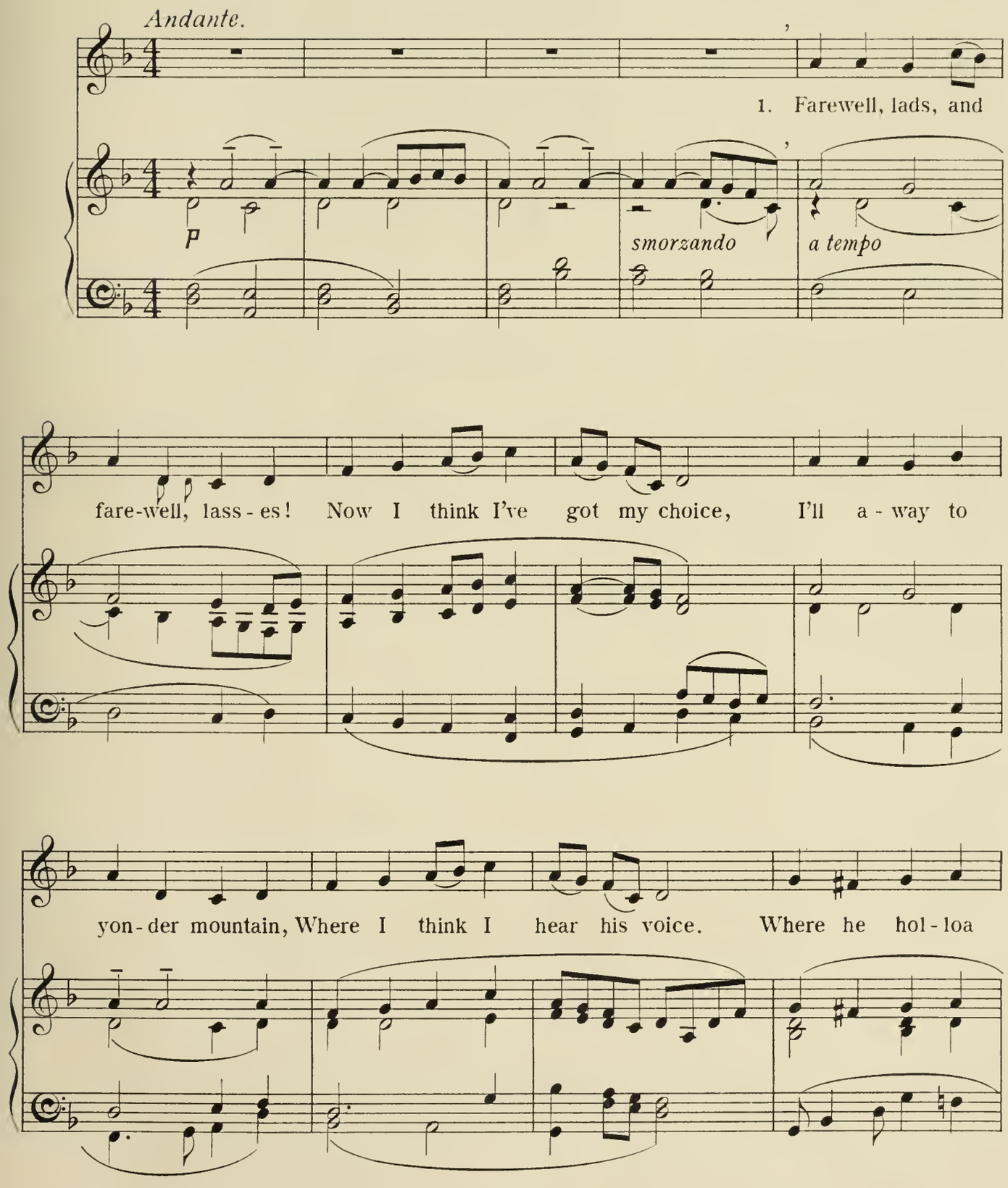
5. Then I took up my lodging in the centre of a wood,
But to my sad misfortune my powder it got wet,
And by a wicked woman, who did me there betray,
They had me surrounded, a-sleeping as I lay.

6. To Edinborough gaol then they marched me along,
There I was obliged to remain till my trial came along.
God bless my wife and family, and may they never want,
And "The Lord have mercy on my soul" cries bold Captain Grant.

Note: The last two lines of verse 3 and the whole of verses 4 and 6 are added from a version of this ballad collected by Mr. Cecil Sharp, and are inserted here by his kind permission.

FAREWELL, LADS.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



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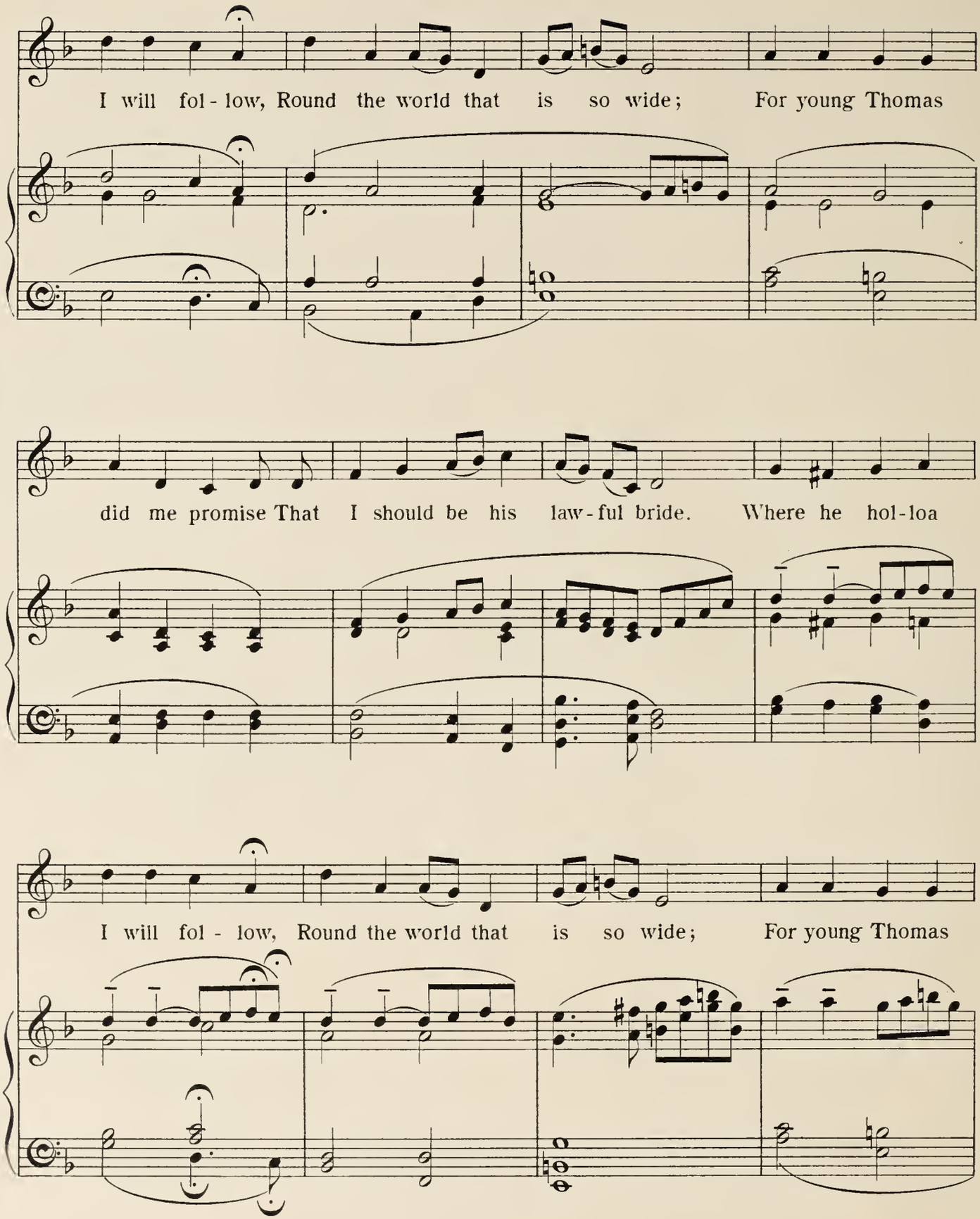
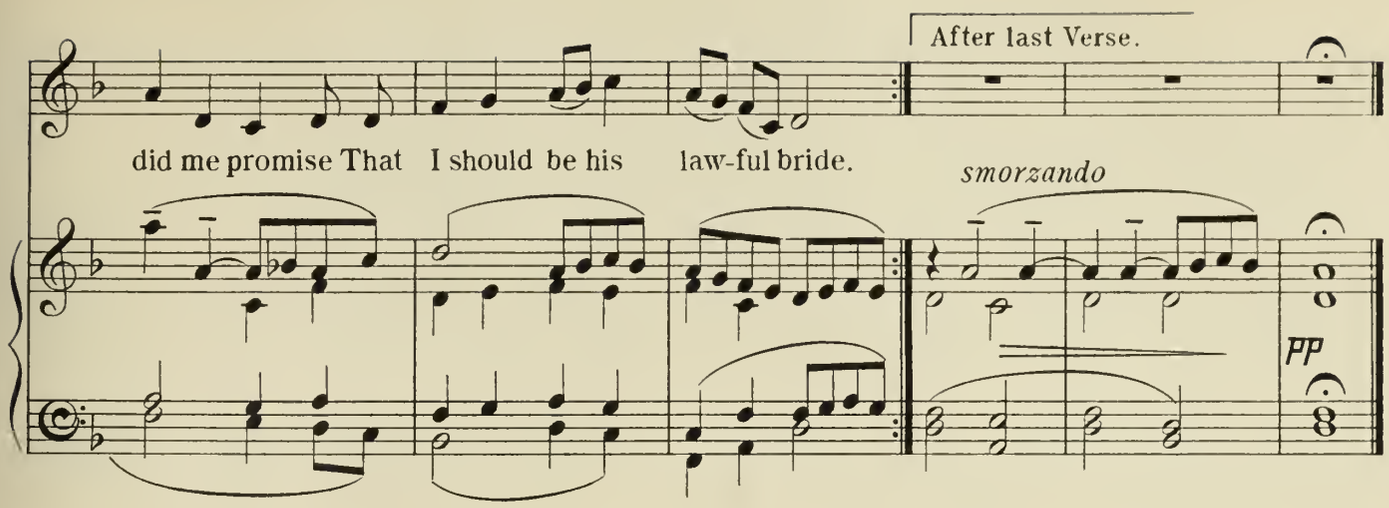

I will fol - low, Round the world that is so wide; For young Thomas
did me promise That I should be his law - ful bride. Where he hol - loa
I will fol - low, Round the world that is so wide; For young Thomas



FAREWELL, LADS.

1. Farewell, lads, and farewell, lasses!
Now I think I've got my choice,
I'll away to yonder mountain,
Where I think I hear his voice.
Where he holloa I will follow,
Round the world that is so wide;
For young Thomas did me promise
That I should be his lawful bride.

* 2. Come all maids that live at a distance,
Many a mile from your true love;
My heart's with him altogether,
Though I live not where I love.
Where he, etc.

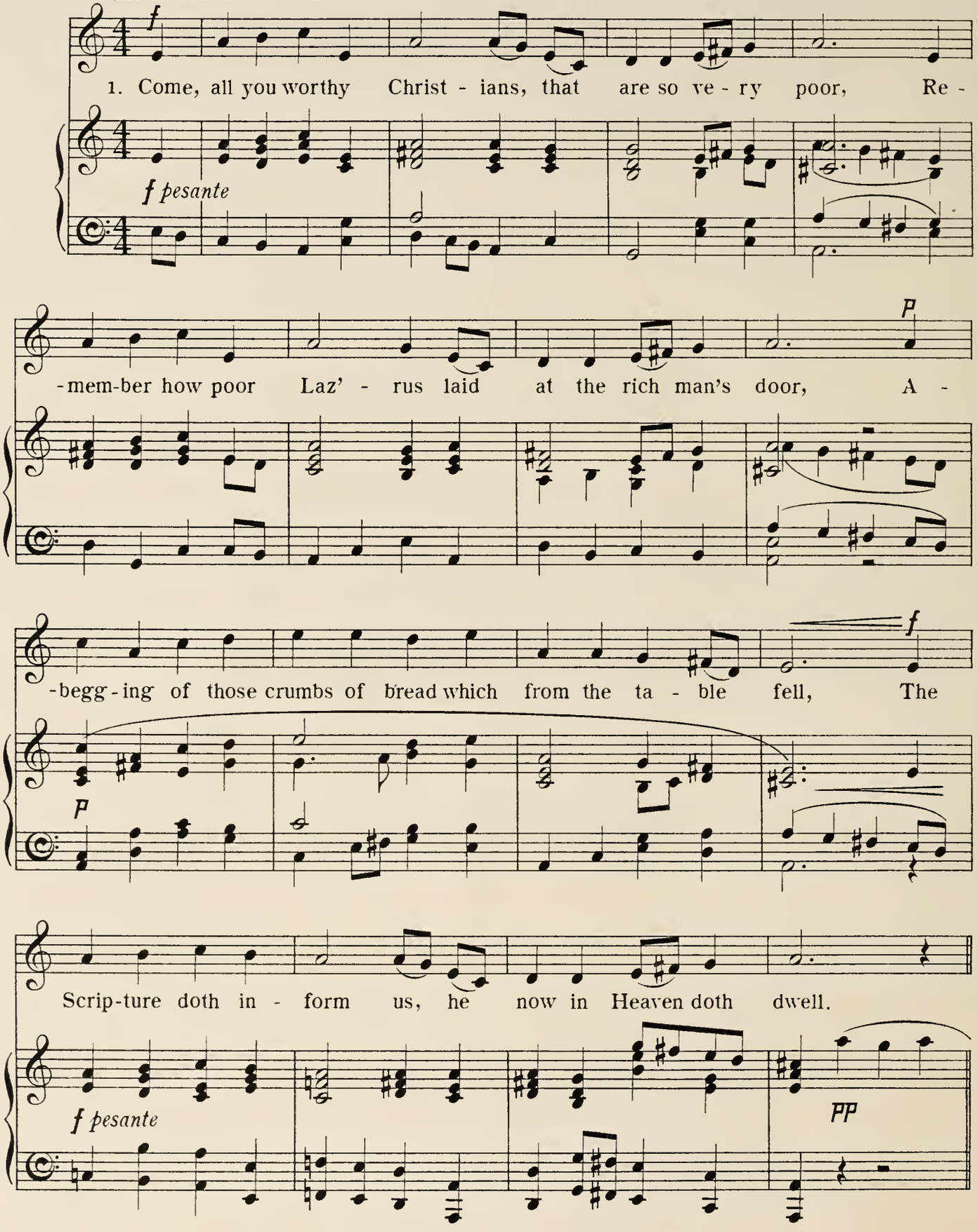
3. Singing sweetly and completely
Songs of pleasure from above.
My heart's with him altogether
Though I live not where I love.
Where he, etc.

* In the version sung to Mr. Merrick, the first line of this verse is unintelligible. The line given in the text (taken from Chappell's 'Popular Music') has been substituted.

COME, ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIANS.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.

Maestoso con moto.



Note: The whole song may, if preferred, be sung to the accompaniment of verse 1.

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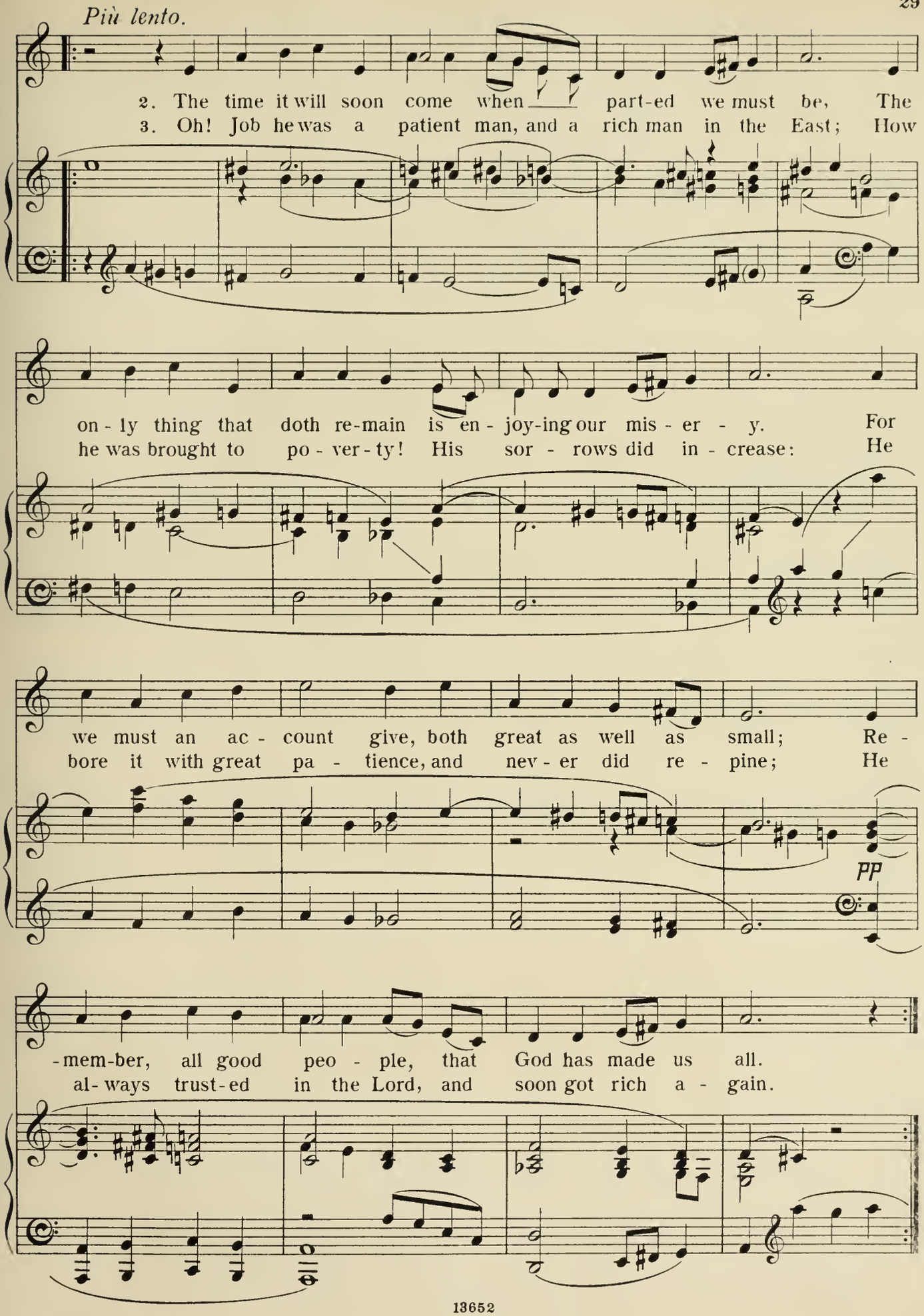
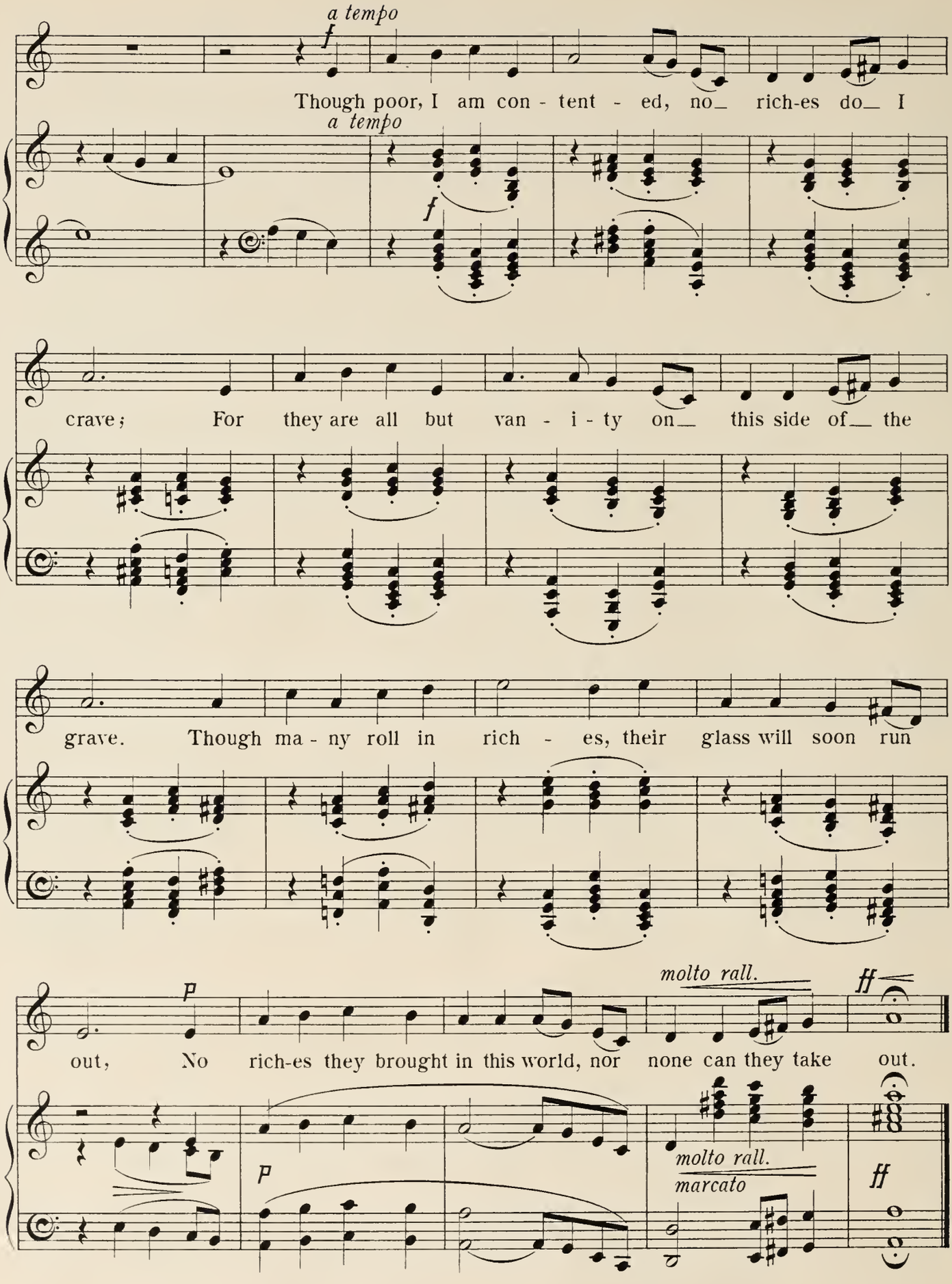

Più lento.
2. The time it will soon come when part-ed we must be, The
3. Oh! Job he was a patient man, and a rich man in the East; How
on-ly thing that doth re-main is en-joy-ing our mis-er-y. For
he was brought to po-ver-ty! His sor-rows did in-crease: He
we must an ac-count give, both great as well as small; Re-
bore it with great pa-tience, and nev-er did re-pine; He
PP
-mem-ber, all good peo-ple, that God has made us all.
al-ways trust-ed in the Lord, and soon got rich a-gain.


a tempo
f
Though poor, I am con - tent - ed, no_ rich-es do_ I
a tempo
f
crave; For they are all but van - i - ty on_ this side of_ the
grave. Though ma - ny roll in rich - es, their glass will soon run
p
molto rall.
ff
out, No rich-es they brought in this world, nor none can they take out.
p
molto rall.
marcato
ff

COME, ALL YOU WORTHY CHRISTIANS.

1. Come, all you worthy Christians, that are so very poor,
Remember how poor Lazarus laid at the rich man's door,
A-begging of those crumbs of bread which from the table fell,
The Scripture doth inform us, he now in Heaven doth dwell.

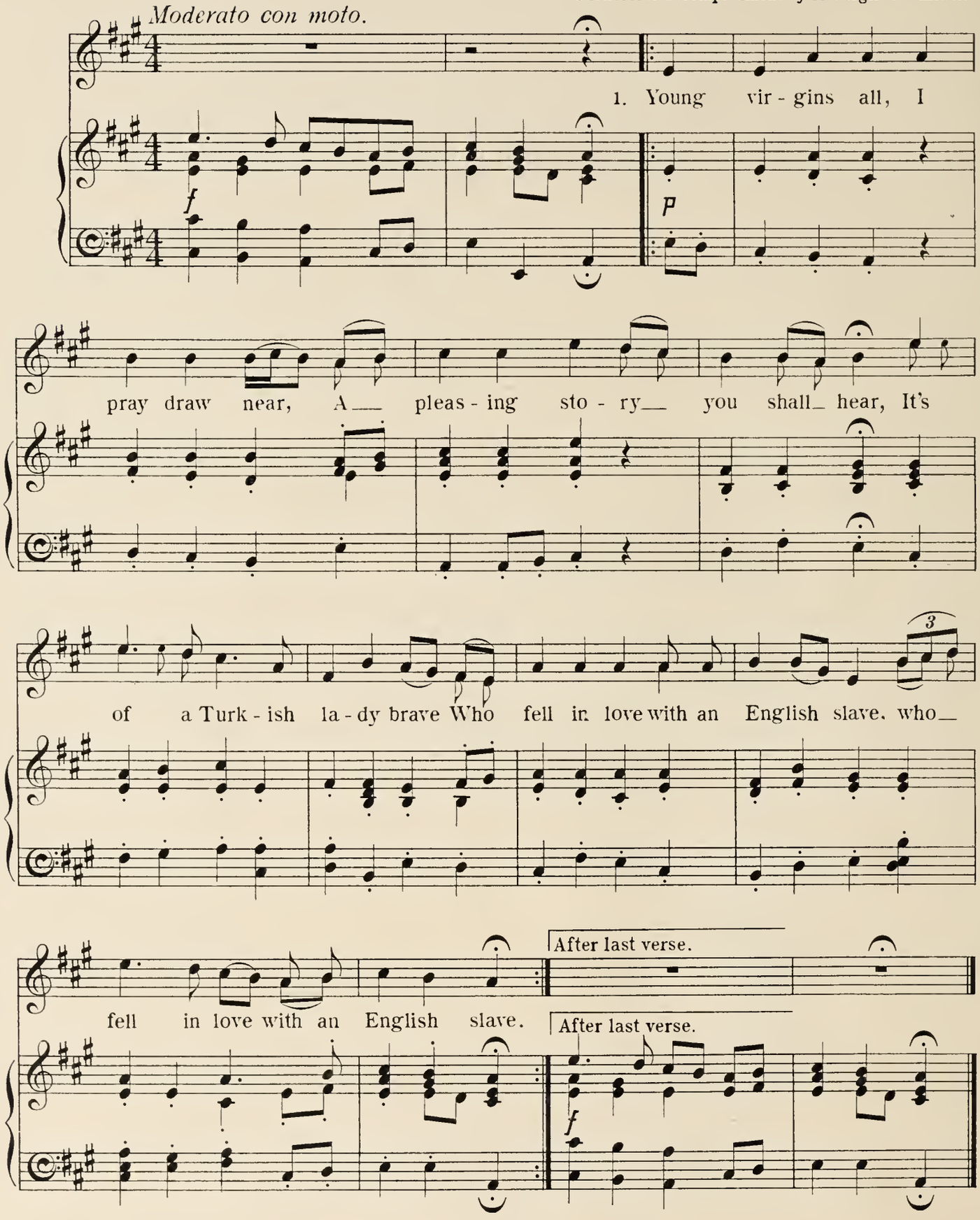
2. The time it will soon come when parted we must be,
The only thing that doth remain is enjoying our misery.
For we must an account give, both great as well as small;
Remember, all good people, that God has made us all.

3. Oh! Job he was a patient man, and a rich man in the East;
How he was brought to poverty! His sorrows did increase:
He bore it with great patience, and never did repine;
He always trusted in the Lord, and soon got rich again.

4. Though poor, I am contented, no riches do I crave;
For they are all but vanity on this side of the grave.
Though many roll in riches, their glass will soon run out,
No riches they brought in this world, nor none can they take out.

THE TURKISH LADY.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



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THE TURKISH LADY.

1. Young virgins all, I pray draw near,
A pleasing story you shall hear,
It's of a Turkish lady brave
Who fell in love with an English slave.

2. There was a ship of Bristol town;
As we were sailing over the main
By a Turkish rover took were we
And he made us all their slaves to be.

3. One of the seamen that were there,
An Englishman both fresh and fair,
It happened for his lot to be
A slave unto a rich lady.

4. She dressed herself in rich array
And went to view her slaves one day;
Hearing the moan this young man made,
She went to him and thus she said:

5. "What countryman, young man, are you?"
"I'm an Englishman and that is true."
"I wish you were a Turk," said she,
"I would ease you of your slavery."

6. "If you'd consent to be a Turk
I would ease you of your slavish work.
I'd own myself to be your wife,
For it's I do love you as my life."
(This verse may be omitted.)

7. "O no, O no, O no," said he,
"A slave I am and I will be.
I'd sooner be burnt all at the stake
Than before I would my God forsake."

8. This lady to her chamber went
And spent the night in discontent;
Sly Cupid with his piercing dart
Did deeply wound this lady's heart.

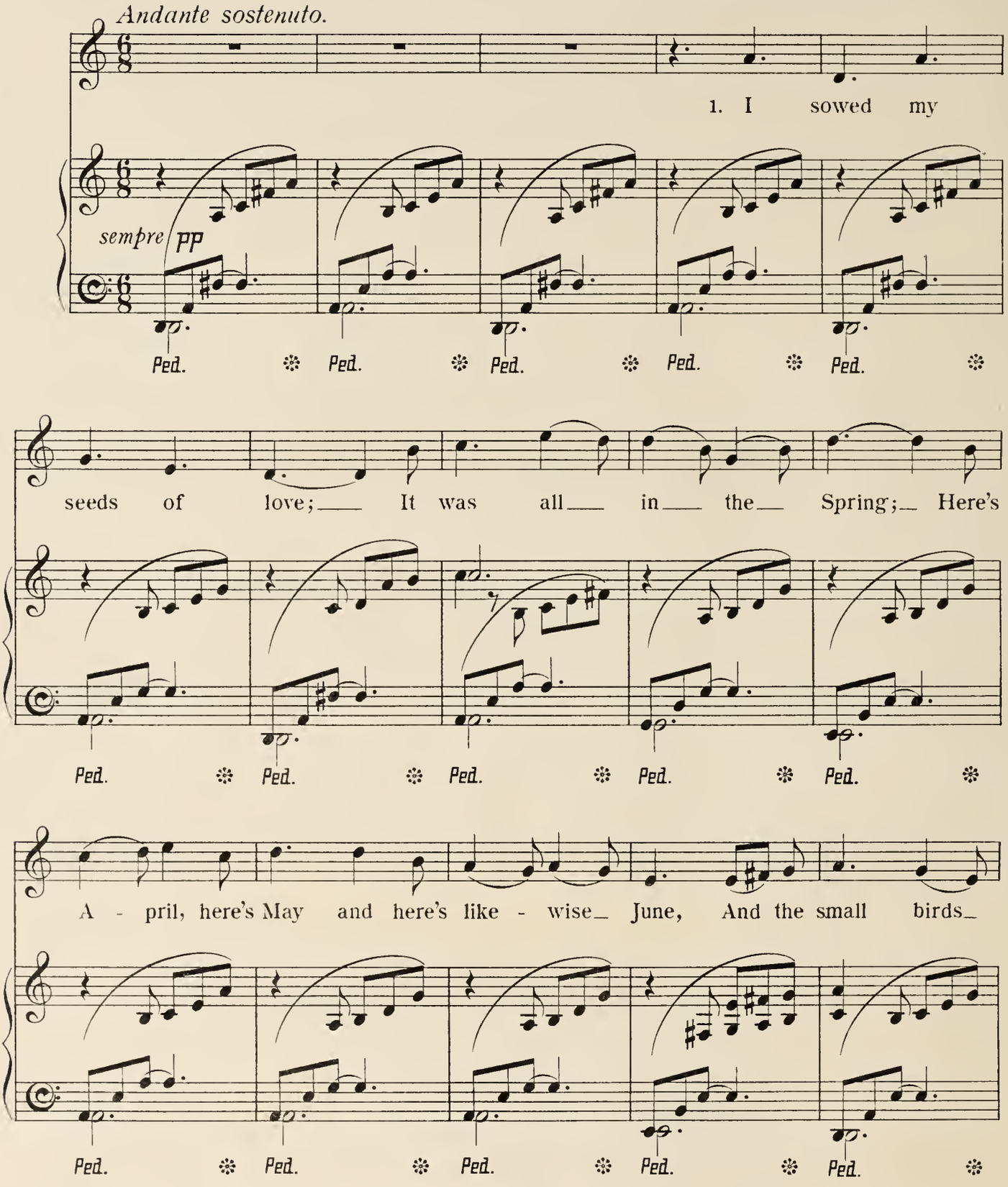
9. She dressed herself in rich array
And with this young man sailed away
Until they came to Bristol shore
With jewels, diamonds and gold, great store.

10. Now she is turned a Christian brave
All for to wed with her own true slave
That was in chains and bondage too,
By this you see what love can do.

Note: Verses 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9 and 10 are added from a version of the ballad in Logan's "Pedlar's Pack of Ballads" and from a Norfolk version.

THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



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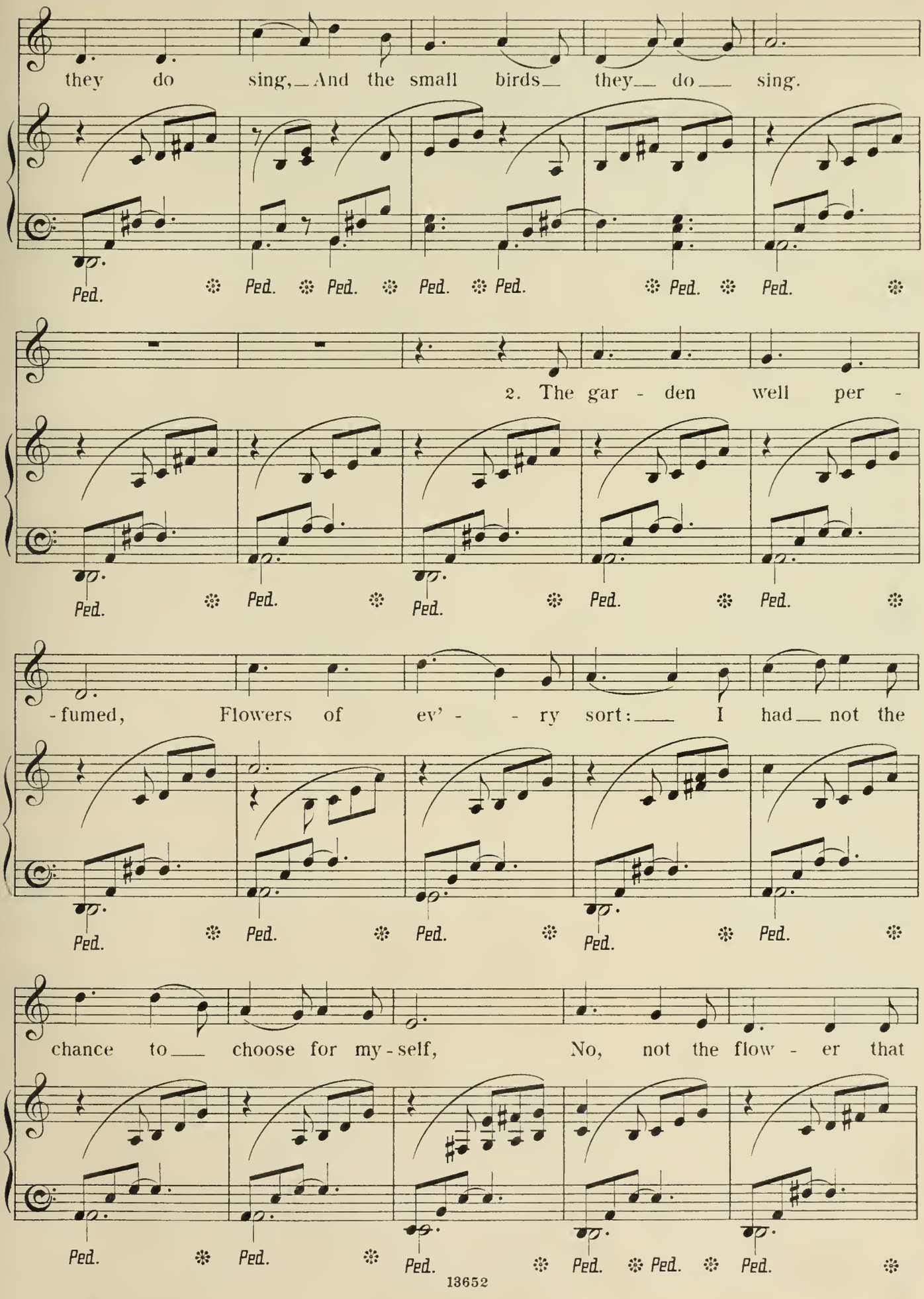
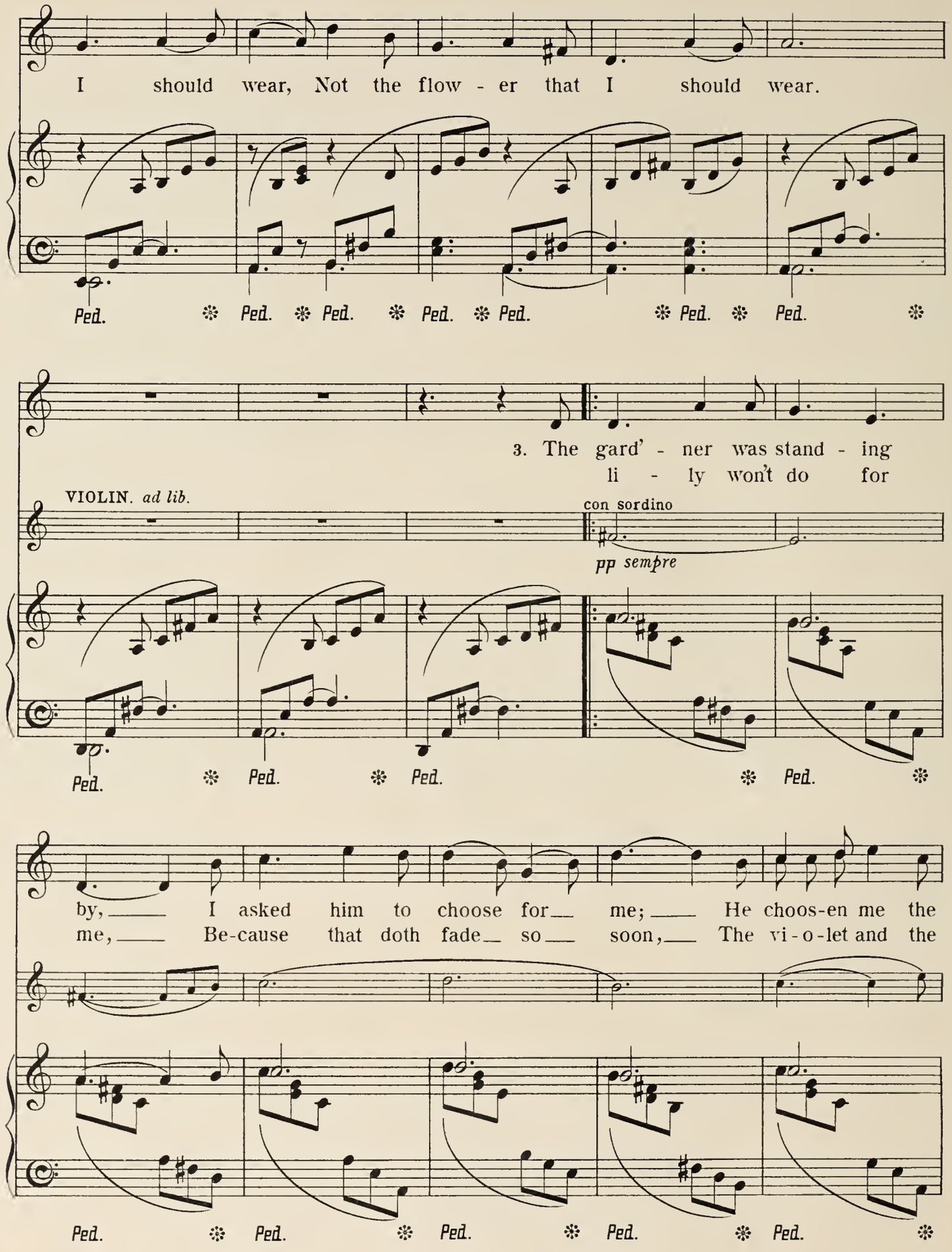
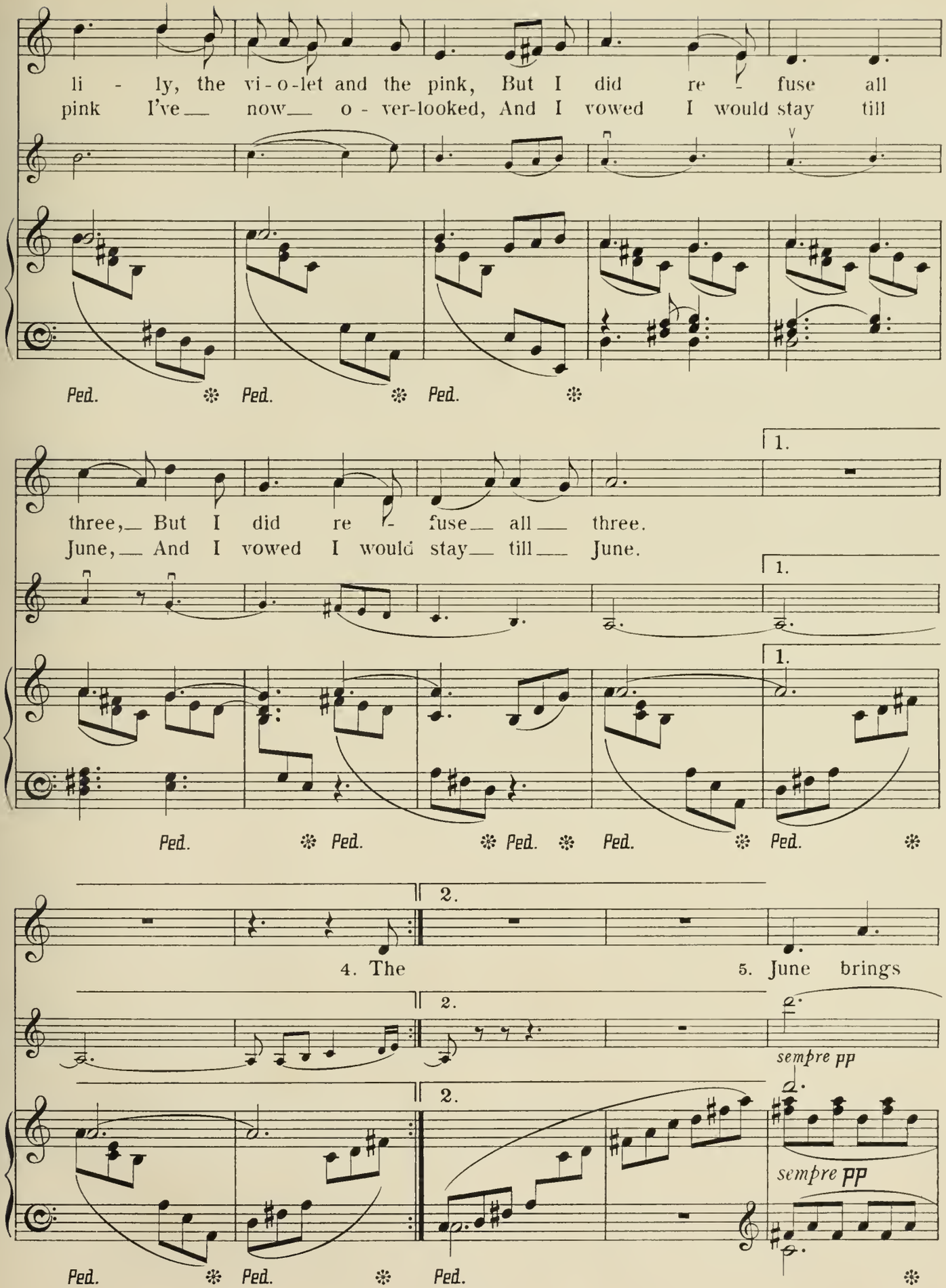
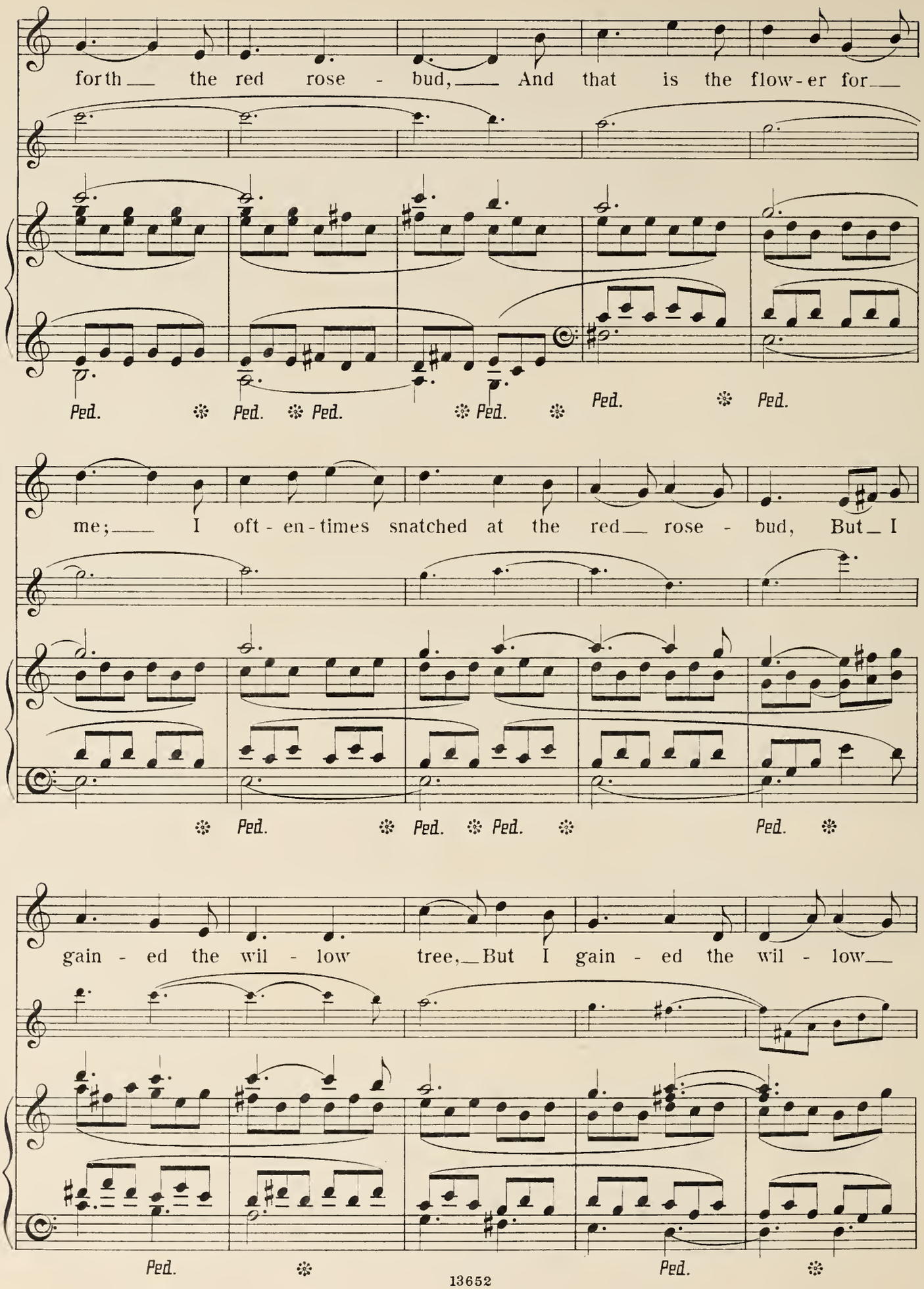
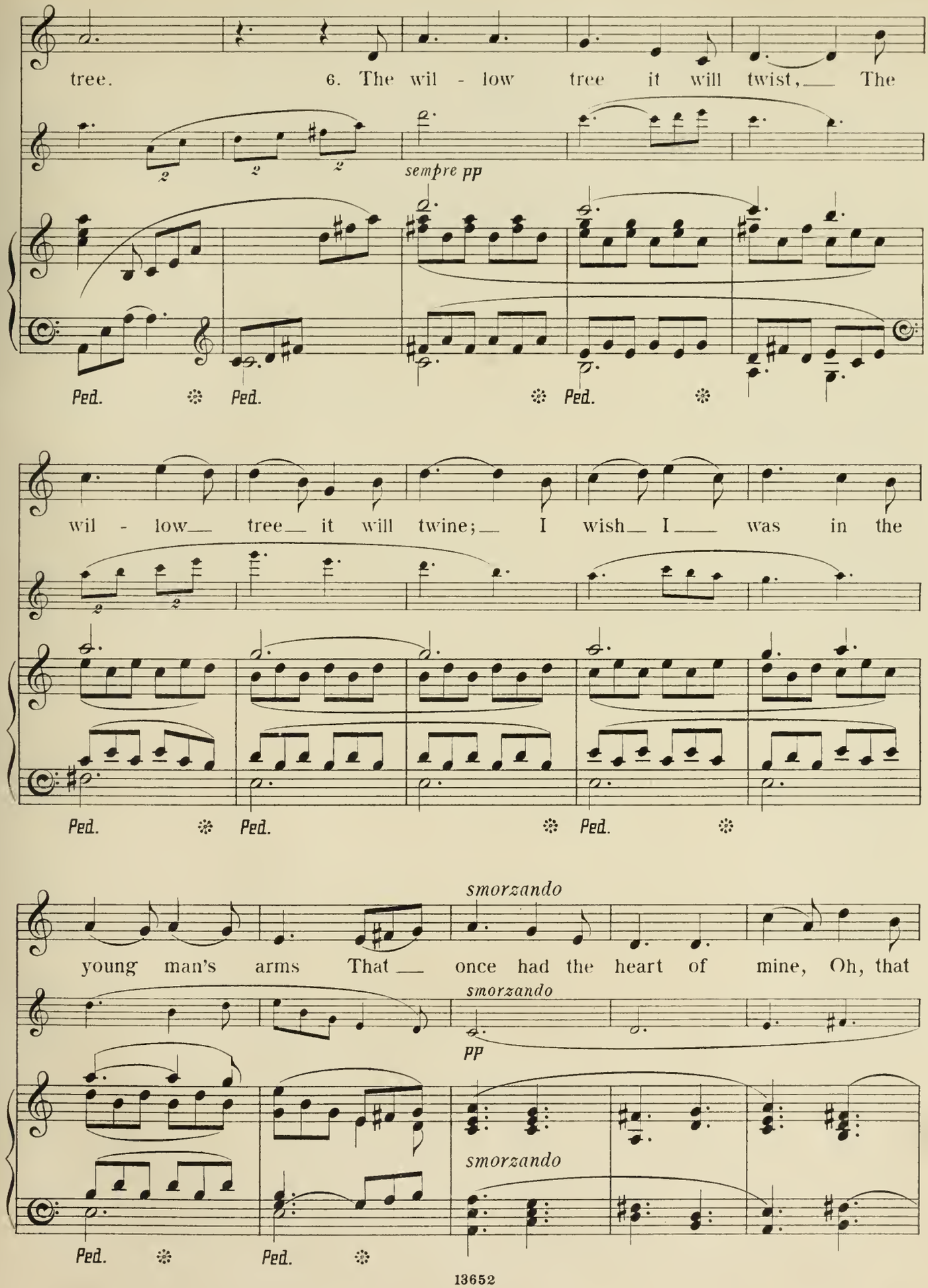
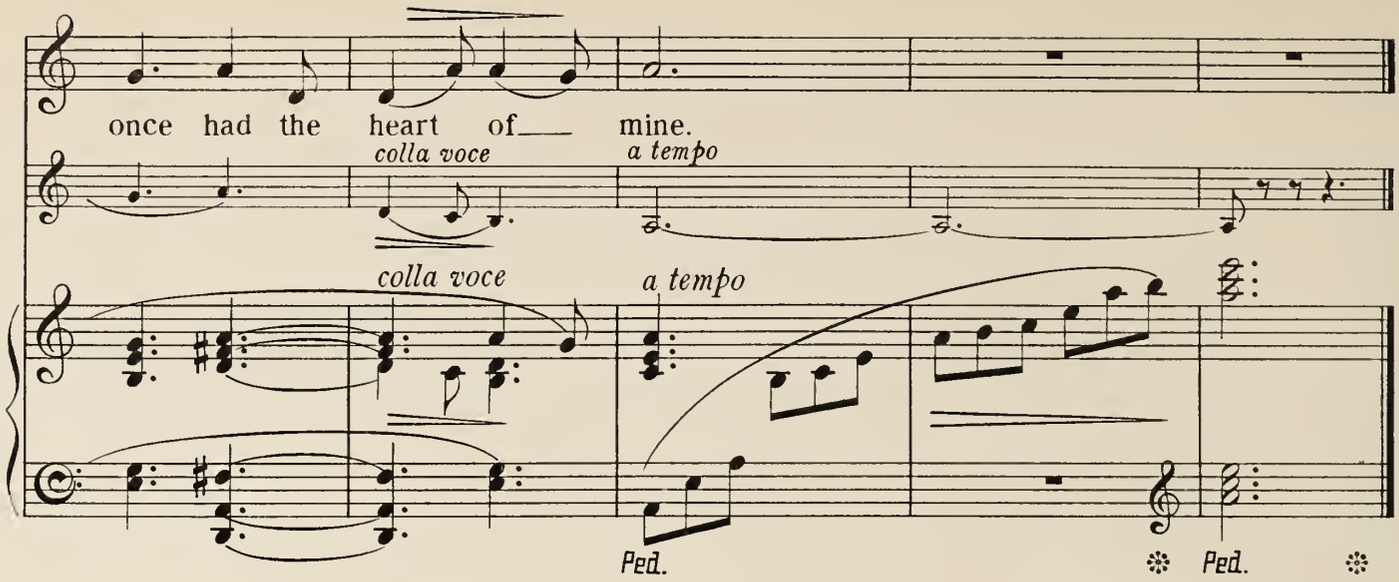

they do sing, And the small birds they do sing.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
2. The gar - den well per -
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
- fumed, Flowers of ev' - - ry sort: I had not the
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
chance to choose for my - self, No, not the flow - er that
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.


I should wear, Not the flow - er that I should wear.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
3. The gard' - ner was stand - ing
li - ly won't do for
VIOLIN. ad lib.
con sordino
pp sempre
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
by, I asked him to choose for me; He choos-en me the
me, Be-cause that doth fade so soon, The vi - o - let and the
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.


li - ly, the vi-o-let and the pink, But I did re - fuse all
pink I've now o - ver-looked, And I vowed I would stay till
Ped. Ped. Ped.
1.
three, But I did re - fuse all three.
June, And I vowed I would stay till June.
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
2.
4. The
5. June brings
sempre pp
sempre pp
Ped. Ped. Ped.


forth the red rose - bud, And that is the flow-er for
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
me; I oft - en - times snatched at the red rose - bud, But I
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
gain - ed the wil - low tree, But I gain - ed the wil - low
Ped. Ped.


tree. 6. The wil - low tree it will twist, The
sempre pp
Ped. Ped. Ped.
wil - low tree it will twine; I wish I was in the
Ped. Ped. Ped.
smorzando
young man's arms That once had the heart of mine, Oh, that
smorzando
pp
smorzando
Ped. Ped.



THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

1. I sowed my seeds of love;
   It was all in the Spring;
   Here's April, here's May and here's likewise June,
   And the small birds they do sing,
   And the small birds they do sing.

2. The garden well perfumed,
   Flowers of every sort:
   I had not the chance to choose for myself,
   No, not the flower that I should wear,
   Not the flower that I should wear.

3. The gardener was standing by,
   I asked him to choose for me;
   He choosen me the lily, the violet and the pink,
   But I did refuse all three,
   But I did refuse all three.

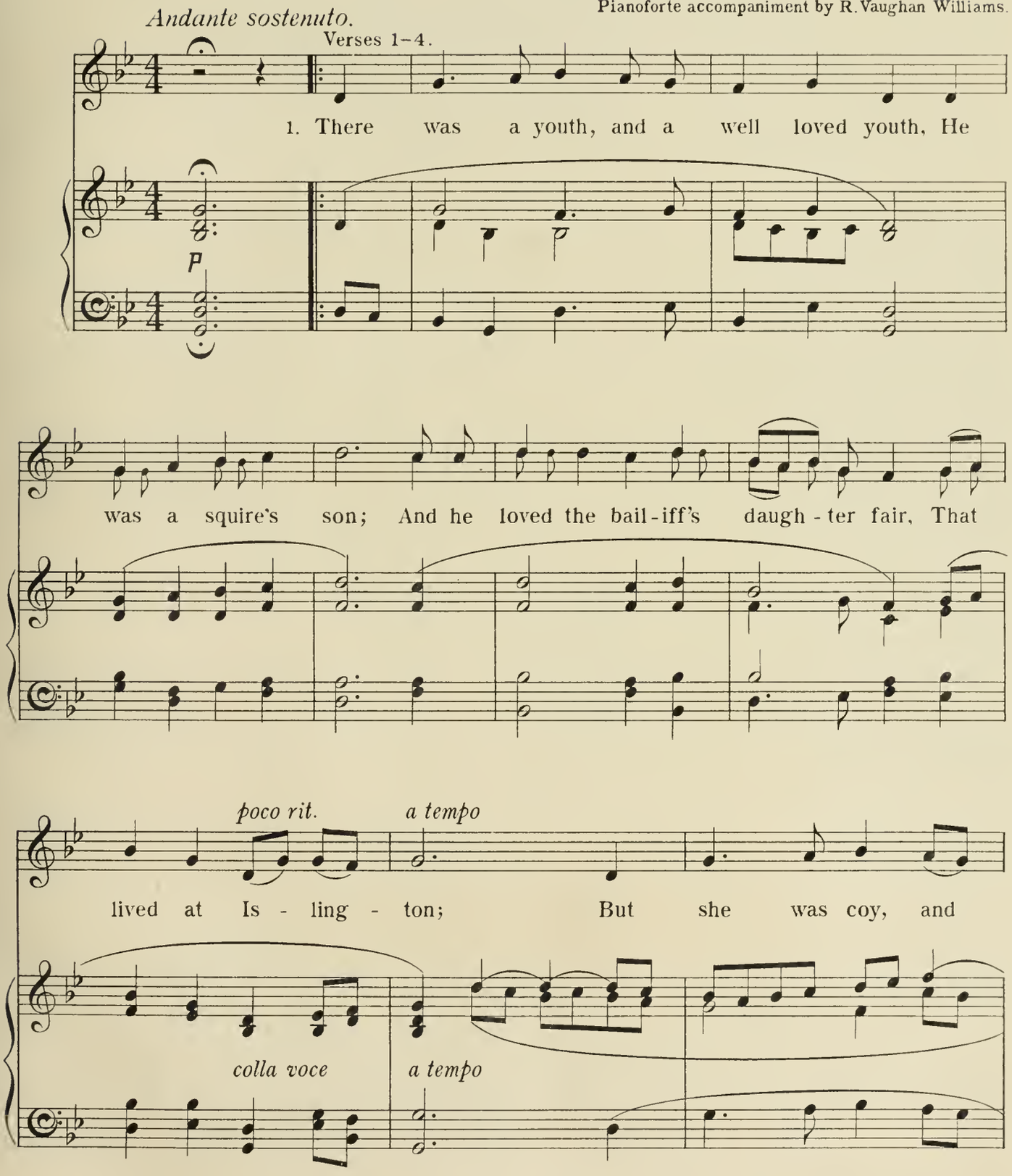
4. The lily won't do for me,
   Because that doth fade so soon,
   The violet and the pink I've now overlooked,
   And I vowed I would stay till June,
   And I vowed I would stay till June.

5. June brings forth the red rose-bud,
   And that is the flower for me;
   I oftentimes snatched at the red rose-bud,
   But I gained the willow tree,
   But I gained the willow tree.

6. The willow tree it will twist,
   The willow tree it will twine;
   I wish I was in the young man's arms
   That once had the heart of mine,
   Oh, that once had the heart of mine.

THE MAID OF ISLINGTON.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



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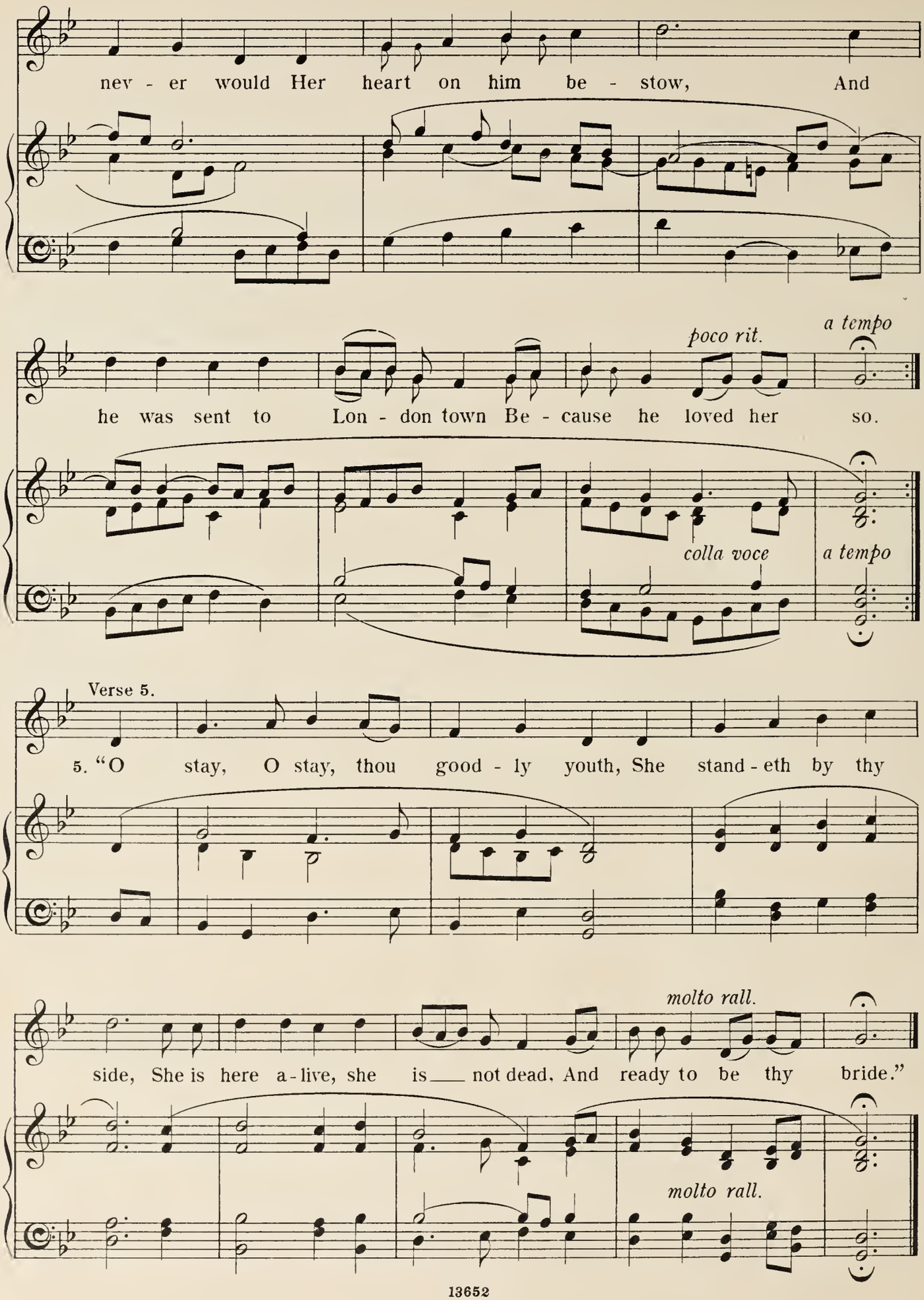

nev - er would Her heart on him be - stow, And
poco rit.
a tempo
he was sent to Lon - don town Be - cause he loved her so.
colla voce
a tempo
Verse 5.
5. "O stay, O stay, thou good - ly youth, She stand - eth by thy
molto rall.
side, She is here a - live, she is not dead, And ready to be thy bride."
molto rall.

THE MAID OF ISLINGTON.

1. There was a youth, and a well loved youth,
He was a squire's son;
And he loved the bailiff's daughter fair,
That lived at Islington;
But she was coy, and never would
Her heart on him bestow,
And he was sent to London town
Because he loved her so.

2. And when he had been seven long years
And never his love could see;
"O many tears have I shed for her sake
When she little thought of me."
Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter fair;
She secretly stole away.

3. She pulled off her gown of green
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go
Her true love to enquire.
And as she went along the road,
The weather being hot and dry,
She sat her down upon a green bank,
And her true love came riding by.

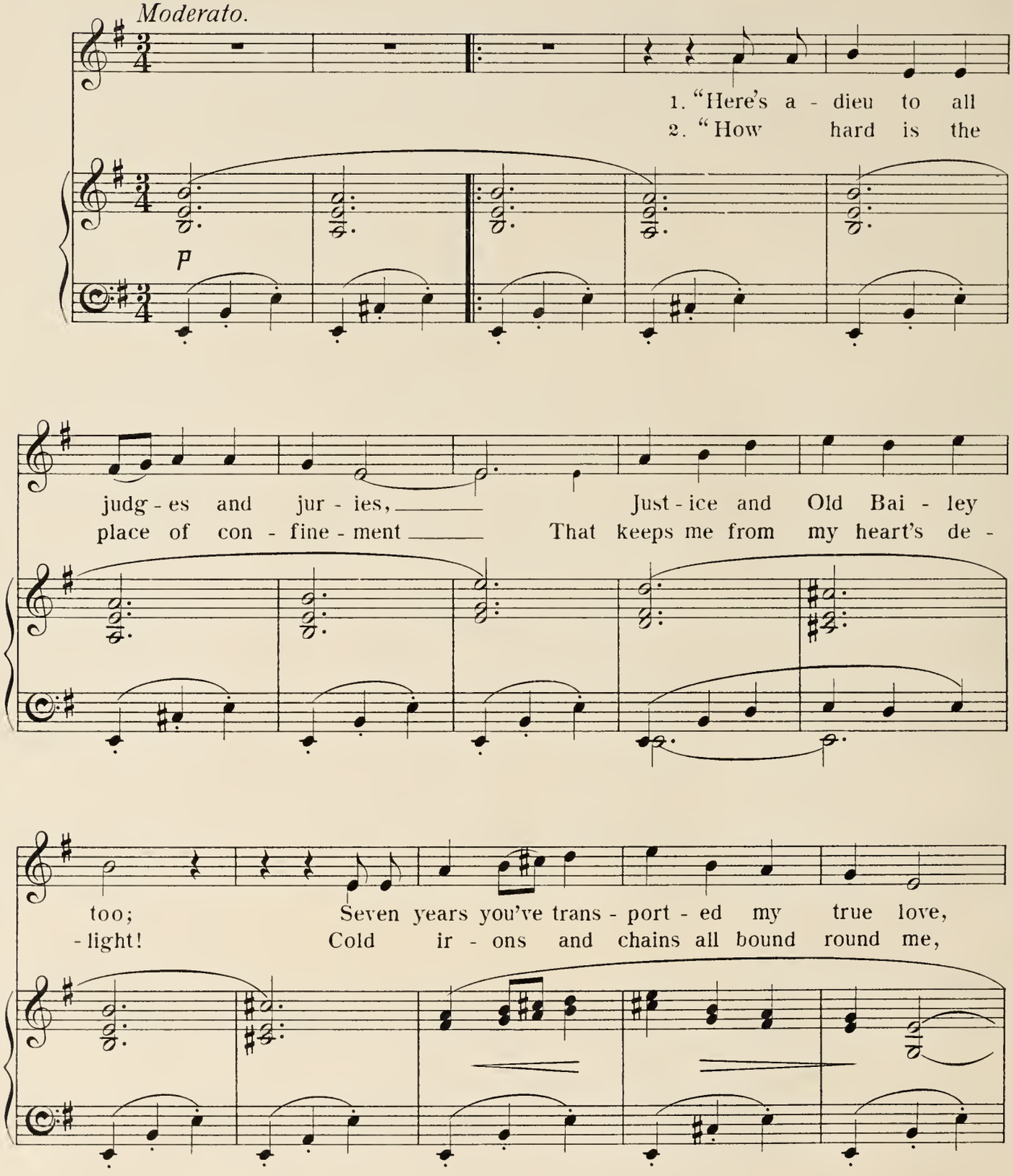
4. "I prythee, sweetheart, tell to me,
O tell me whether you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington."
"She is dead, Sir, long ago."
"If she be dead then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
For I will into some far country
Where no man shall me know."

5. "O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side;
She is here alive, she is not dead,
And ready to be thy bride."

Note: Verses 2, 3, 4 and 5 are added from Chappell's "Popular Music."

HERE'S ADIEU TO ALL JUDGES AND JURIES.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



Note: The whole song may, if preferred, be sung to the accompaniment of verse 1.

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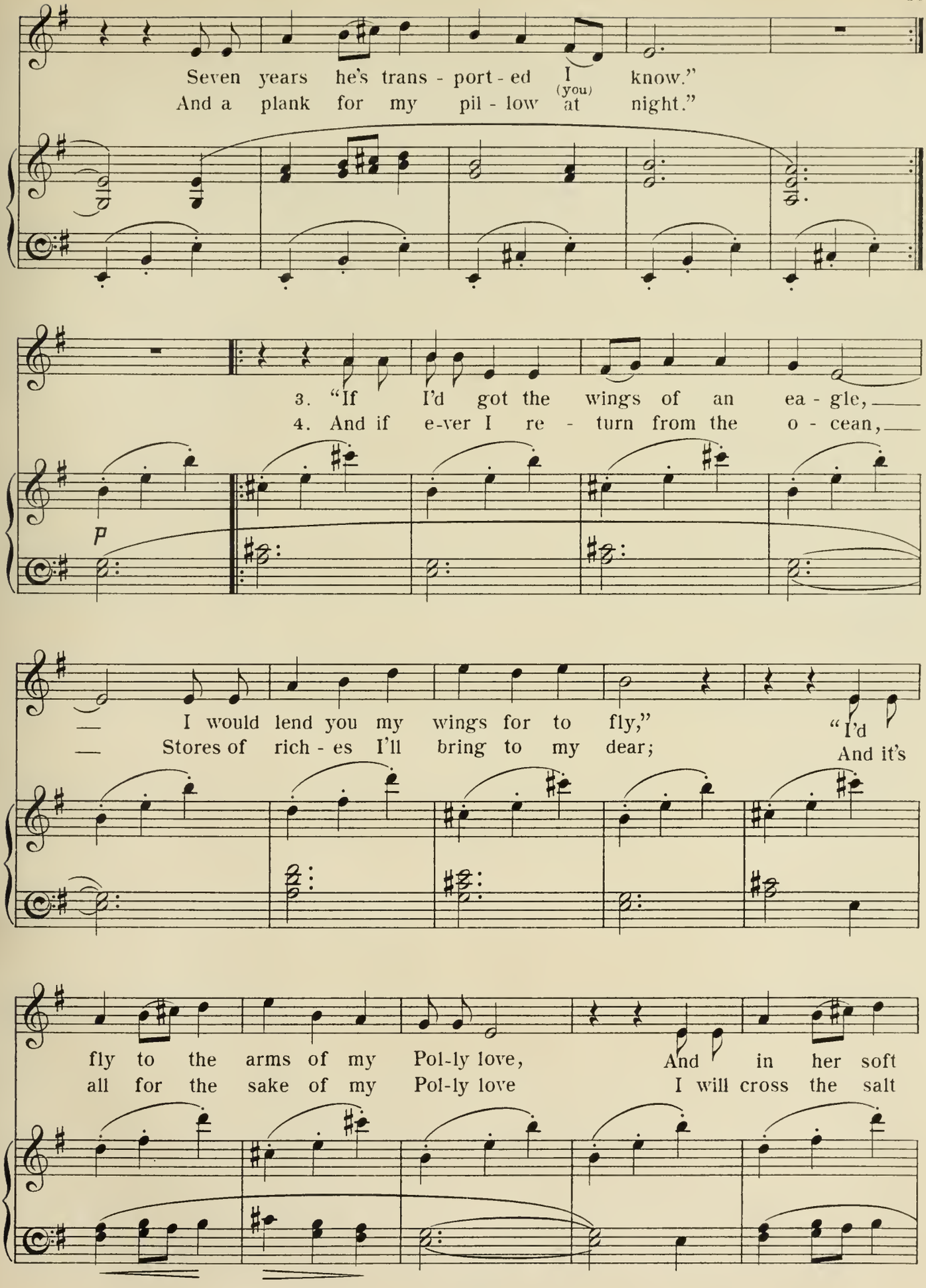
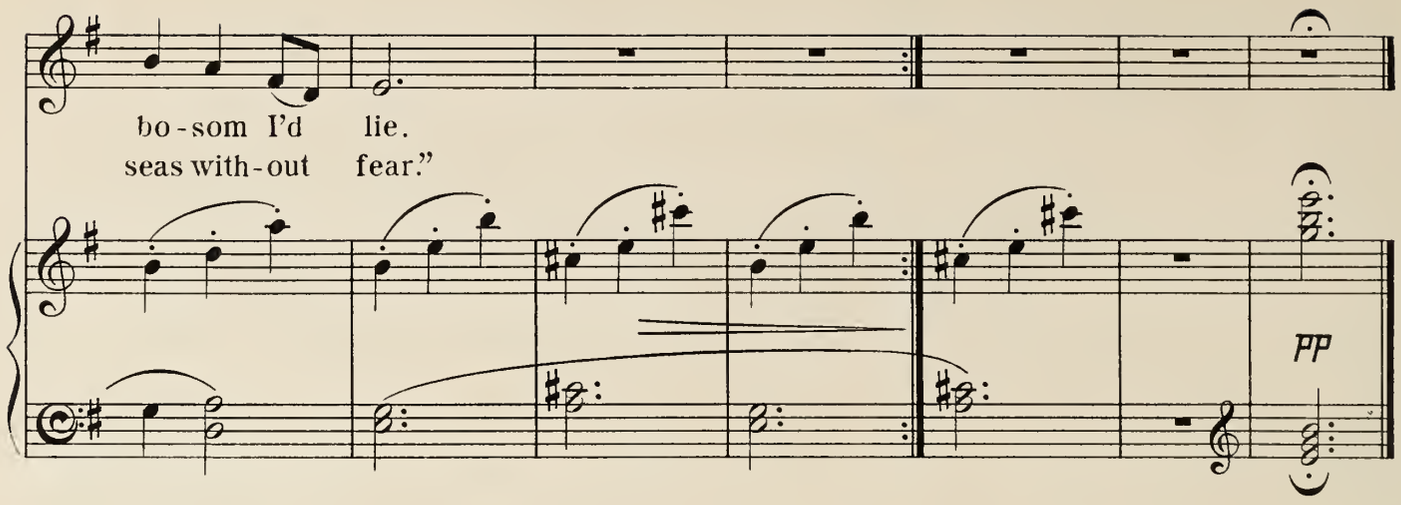

Seven years he's trans - port - ed I (you) know."
And a plank for my pil - low at night."
3. "If I'd got the wings of an ea - gle,
4. And if e-ver I re - turn from the o - cean,
p
I would lend you my wings for to fly,"
Stores of rich - es I'll bring to my dear;
"I'd
And it's
fly to the arms of my Pol-ly love,
all for the sake of my Pol-ly love
And in her soft
I will cross the salt



HERE'S ADIEU TO ALL JUDGES AND JURIES.

1. "Here's adieu to all judges and juries,
Justice and Old Bailey too;
Seven years you've transported my true love,
* Seven years he's transported I (you) know."

2. "How hard is the place of confinement
That keeps me from my heart's delight!
Cold irons and chains all bound round me,
And a plank for my pillow at night."

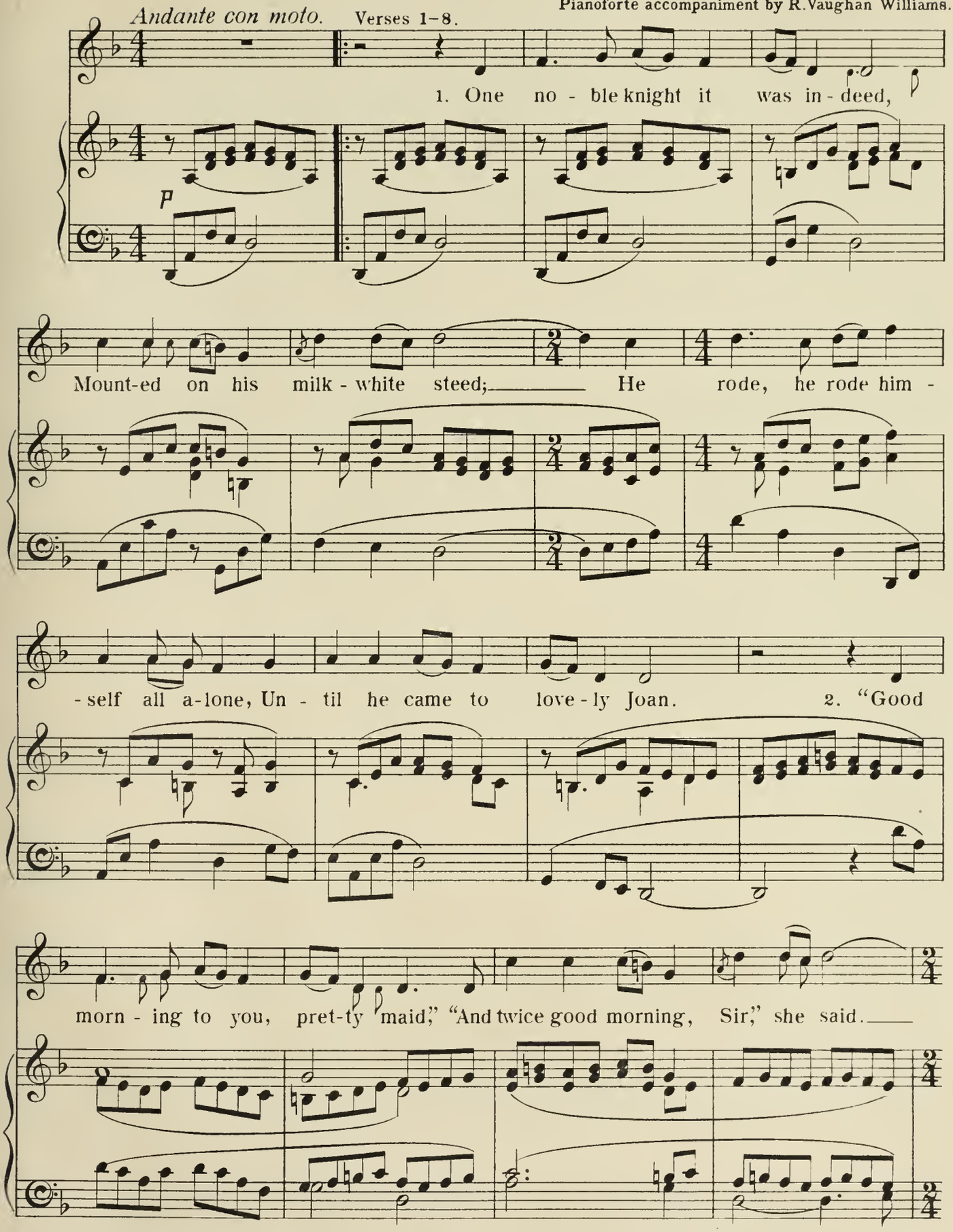
3. "If I'd got the wings of an eagle,
I would lend you my wings for to fly,"
"I'd fly to the arms of my Polly love,
And in her soft bosom I'd lie.

4. And if ever I return from the ocean,
Stores of riches I'll bring to my dear;
And it's all for the sake of my Polly love
I will cross the salt seas without fear."

* "you know" as originally sung.

LOVELY JOAN.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by R. Vaughan Williams.



Note: The whole song may, if preferred, be sung to the accompaniment of the last verse.

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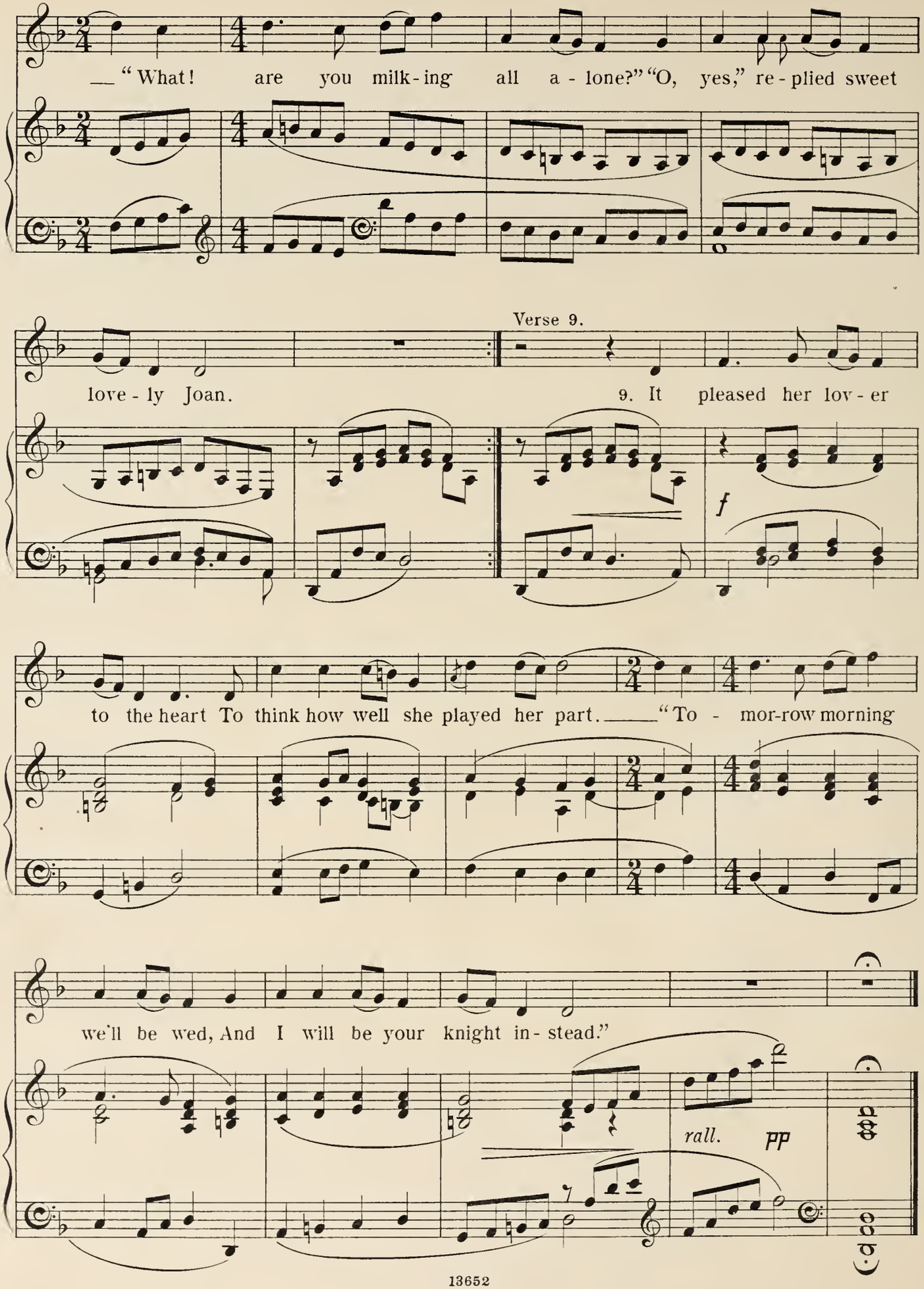

"What! are you milk-ing all a-lone?" "O, yes," re-plied sweet
Verse 9.
love-ly Joan.
9. It pleased her lov-er
f
to the heart To think how well she played her part. "To-mor-row morning
we'll be wed, And I will be your knight in-stead."
rall.
pp

LOVELY JOAN.

1. One noble knight it was indeed,
Mounted on his milk-white steed;
He rode, he rode himself all alone,
Until he came to lovely Joan.

2. "Good morning to you, pretty maid,"
"And twice good morning, Sir," she said.
"What! are you milking all alone?"
"O yes," replied sweet lovely Joan.

3. Then he pulled out a purse of gold
And said, "Pretty maid, all this behold;
All this I'll give with me to wed."
Her cheeks they blushed like roses red.

4. "Oh, no, noble knight, I pray you forbear,
To marry you I do not dare,
For on to-morrow I shall wed
All with my own true love instead."

5. 'Twas then he made a solemn vow
That he would wed whether or no,
But this he said to frighten Joan
As she sat milking all alone.

6. "Give me the gold, Sir, in my hand
That I may neither stay nor stand,
For that will do more good to me
Than twenty husbands, Sir," said she.

7. But as these very words she said
She mounted on his milk white steed.
He called, he called; 'twas all in vain,
She never looked back again.

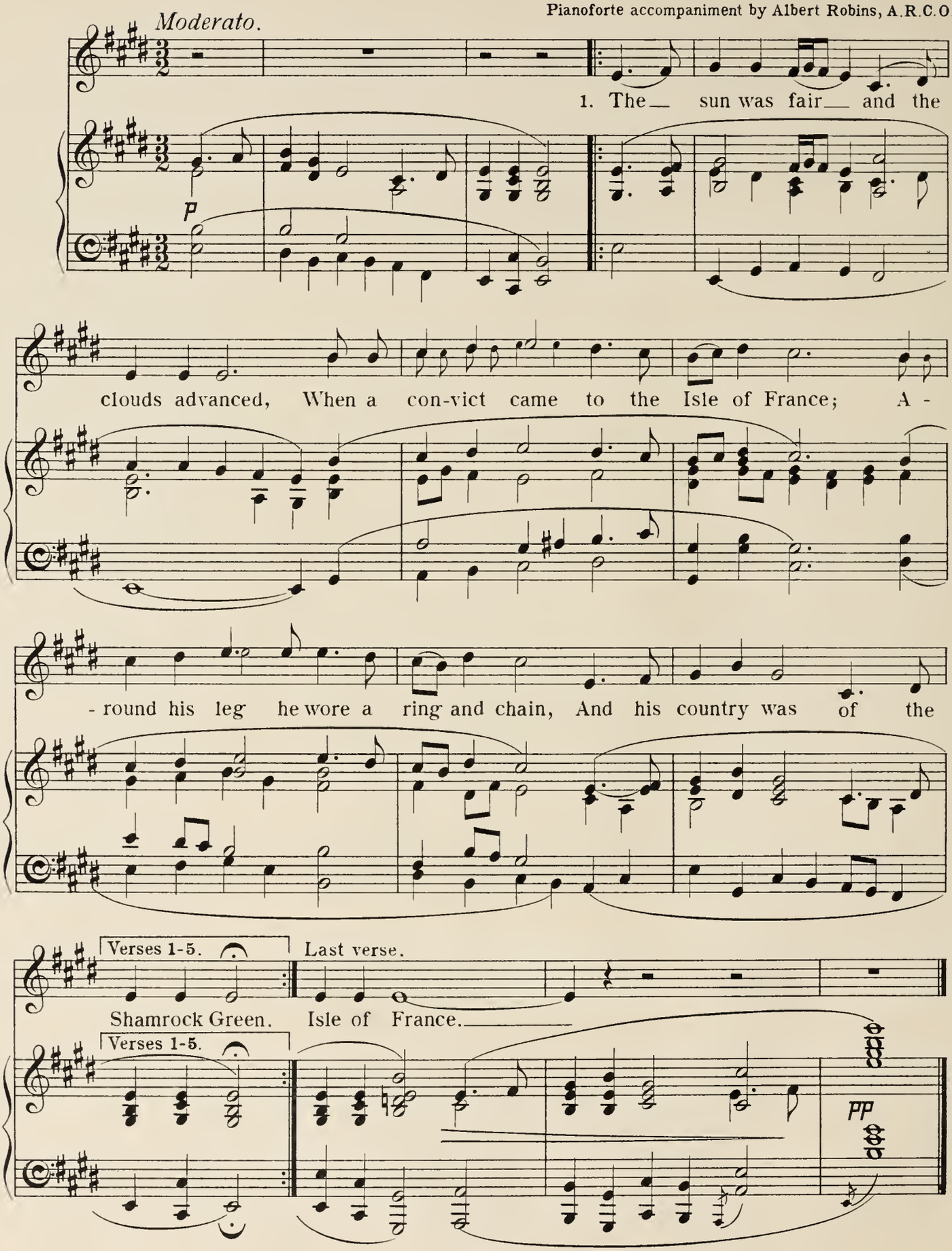
8. She did not think herself quite safe
Until she reached her true lover's gate,
She robbed him of his steed and gold
And left him the empty purse to hold.

9. It pleased her lover to the heart
To think how well she played her part.
"To-morrow morning we'll be wed,
And I will be your knight instead."

Note: Verses 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9 and parts of verses 3 and 6 are added partly from a version of the ballad collected by Mr. Cecil Sharp and inserted here by his kind permission, and partly from a broadside version (slightly altered).

THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

Collected by W. Percy Merrick.
Pianoforte accompaniment by Albert Robins, A.R.C.O.



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THE ISLE OF FRANCE.

1. The sun was fair and the clouds advanced,
When a convict came to the Isle of France;
Around his leg he wore a ring and chain,
And his country was of the Shamrock Green.

2. "I am of the Shamrock," the convict cried,
"That has been tossed on the ocean wide;
For being unruly, I do declare,
I was doomed a transport for seven long years.

3. When six of them they were past and gone,
I was coming home for to make up one,
When the stormy winds they did blow and roar,
Which cast me here on this foreign shore."

4. Then the coastguard played a noble part,
And with some brandy cheered the convict's heart.
"Although the night is so far advanced,
You shall find a friend in the Isle of France."

5. Then a speedy letter went to the Queen,
About the dreadful shipwreck of the "Shamrock Green:"
His freedom came by a speedy post
To the absent convict they thought was lost.

6. "God bless the coastguard," the convict cried,
"You have saved my life from the ocean wide;
I'll drink your health in a flowing glass,
So here's success to the Isle of France."

Note: The above words have been completed from another traditional Sussex version.

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